The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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BUILT TO LAST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY GEORGE JOHNSON.

Just behind the double row
Of white village-homes that show
Where you pointed poplars stand,
With dark pines on either hand,
Near the gray church lifting high
One great finger to the sky,
Stands a house that was to-day
By a single workman gray,
Built for one above whose head
Village roof no more shall spread.

Saw and hammer gave no aid
When that simple home was made;
Bars nor bolts were for it wrought,
Only deep foundation sought;
Yet these walls so broad and low,
Not an earthquake could o'erthrow.
Long each village-home may be
'Neath its green, protecting tree;
Longer in the day's cool fire
May the church uplift its spire,
Or they soon may fall before
Tempest, lightning, flood, or war.
Yet, if haply they escape
Ruin in such sudden shape,
Time, more terrible than all,
Will at last secure their fall.

But unto that other home
Little change or chance shall come;
On its roof, so bare and low,
Will the hiding grasses grow,
And the name upon the door
Stain and moulder—nothing more.

"SUDDENLY HE FELT A HAND GENTLY LAID ON HIS SHOULDER."

STRONGHAND;

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WHITE-SKINS.

The return of Jose Paredes to the hacienda caused Don Hernando a lively pleasure. Still, the sum he brought, though considerable, was far from sufficing for the constant outlay in working the mine, and would hardly cover the demands of the moment. Don Rufino did not in any way show the amazement the sight of the majordomo occasioned him, after the measures he had taken to get rid of him. Still this surprise was converted into anxiety, and ere long into terror, when he reflected on the time that had elapsed since his departure.

In fact, it would take three weeks to proceed from the hacienda to Hermosillo and back, even at a good pace, and yet the majordomo had only been absent for nine days. It was evident to the senator that Paredes had not been to Hermosillo, and yet he brought back the money for the bills! What did all this mean? There was something obscure in the whole affair, which Don Rufino burned to clear up; but, unhappily, that was very difficult, if not impossible.

He was supposed to be ignorant of the motive of the majordomo's journey, and consequently could not interrogate him; and then, again, even had he ventured to do so, Paredes would probably not have answered him or, if he had done so, it would only have been in mockery; for the worthy majordomo, with the infallible scent which upright and faithful men possess, had detected the wolf in sheep's clothing, and although he had no apparent motive, as he was unaware that the senator was the concoctor of the plot to which he had all but fallen a victim, he felt an instinctive aversion for that person, and displayed a marked affectation in trying to avoid any meeting with him.

In Sonora, as in other countries, it is not easy to meet at a moment's notice persons who will discount large bills to render you a service. The man who had given the money for these must be very rich, and most desirous to assist the marquis. However much the senator thought of the subject, he could not call to mind any landowner for fifty leagues round capable of acting in such a way. Moreover, the discounter must have been aware of the plot formed against the majordomo, for otherwise he would not have proposed to take the bills. Could Kidd be the traitor? In a moment the senator recognized the absurdity of such a suspicion. It was not probable that the bandit had declined to kill the majordomo; but that he should have allowed him to escape without robbing him was an utterly unlikely circumstance. Moreover, Kidd had everything to fear from the senator, and would not have risked playing him such a malicious trick.

As always happens when a man indulges in probabilities without any settled starting-point, and proceeds from one deduction to another, Don Rufino attained such a monstrous conclusion, that he was really terrified by it. Still, throughout all his wanderings, a very logical remark escaped him, which proved that, if he had not discovered the truth, he was not very far from it.

"The redskins are right," he muttered, and their proverb is true. In the desert, trees have ears, and leaves have eyes. I remember that my conversation with that picaro of a Kidd took place near a very close-growing thicket; perhaps it contained a traitor. Henceforward I will only discuss business at the top of an entirely unwooded hill; and yet," he added with a sigh, "who knows whether a spy may not be concealed in a prairie dog-hole."

All these reflections the senator made while walking in extreme agitation up and down the room, when the door opened, and Don Ruiz made his appearance.

"Senor Don Rufino," he said to him, after a mutual exchange of compliments, "will you kindly come to the drawing-room? Our majordomo, who, as you may have noticed, has been absent for some days, has brought most important news, which my father would like you to hear."

The senator started imperceptibly, and gave the young man a suspicious glance; but nothing in Don Ruiz's open face caused him to suppose any hidden meaning in his words.

"Is anything extraordinary happening, my dear Don Ruiz?" he asked, in a mellifluous voice.

"I have as yet received but very imperfect information about the grave events that threaten us; but if you will kindly follow me, you will soon learn all."

"Be it so, my dear sir—I am at your service;" and he followed Don Ruiz to the saloon, where Dona Marianna, the marquis, and Jose Paredes, were already assembled.

"Why, what can be the matter, my dear senor?" the senator asked, as he entered; "I confess that Don Ruiz has startled me."

"You will be more startled when you know the events. But sit down, pray," the marquis answered, and then said to the majordomo, "you have your information from a good source?"

"I can assert that all I have told you is true. The Papagos have allied themselves with I know not how many other tribes of ferocious pagans—and we may expect to see them burst upon us at any moment."

"Caspita! that is serious," the senator said.

"Much more than you suppose; for the Indians are this time resolved to expel the white men for ever from Sonora, and establish themselves in their place," answered Paredes.

"Oh, oh," Don Rufino said, "they are undertaking a rude task."

"Laugh if you like—but it is so."

"I do not laugh, my worthy friend; still, I do not believe the Indians capable of attempting so mad an enterprise."

"In the first place, I am not your friend, senor," the majordomo said, roughly; "and next, it is probable that when you have seen the Indians at work, your opinions about them will be considerably modified."

The senator pretended not to notice the bitterness contained in this remark, and replied, lightly—

"I never saw any wild redskins, and Heaven preserve me from doing so. Still, I strongly suspect the inhabitants of this country of making them more formidable than they really are."

"You are wrong to have such an opinion, my friend; and if you remain any time with us, will soon have proof of it," the marquis said.

"Are you going to remain here exposed to the attacks of the savages, papa?" Dona Marianna asked, with terror.

"We have nothing to fear from the Indians," the marquis replied. "The rock on which my hacienda is built is too hard for them. They will break their nails before they can pull out a single stone."

"Still, father, we cannot be too prudent," Don Ruiz observed.

"You are right, my son; and as I do not wish your sister to retain even a shadow of anxiety, we will immediately place ourselves in a position of defence, though it is unnecessary. During the grand insurrection of 1827, the Indians did not once attempt to approach El Toro, and I greatly doubt whether they will attack it this time."

"My friend," Paredes replied, "believe me, do not neglect any precaution; this insurrection will be terrible."

"Come, come," Don Rufino asked, "tell me, Senor Majordomo, who the person is that informed you so well?"

Paredes gave him a side glance, and replied, with a shrug of his shoulders—"It is enough that I know it; no matter the name of the man to whom I owe the information. If you fancy that it is a friend who warned me, you will be near the truth."

"Permit me, senor," the senator answered, with a frown, "this is more important than you fancy. You must not thus create an alarm in a family, and then refuse to give proofs in support of your assertions."

"My master knows me, senor; he knows that I am devoted to him, and also that I am incapable of uttering a falsehood."

"I do not doubt, senor, either your honesty or your truthfulness; still, a thing so serious as you announce requires, before being taken into consideration, to be based on evidence with proofs, or a respectable name, in default of anything else."

"Stuff! stuff! the main point is to be on your guard."

"Yes, when we know whether we really ought to do so. Consequently, in my quality as a magistrate—and I ask the Senor Marquis a million pardons for acting thus in his presence—I command you to reveal to me at once the name of the man who gave you this alarming news."

"Nonsense!" the majordomo said, with a shrug of his shoulders; "what good would it do if I were to tell you the name of an individual you do not know, and whom you never heard mentioned?"

"That is not the question. Be good enough to answer me, if you please."

"It is possible that you may be a magistrate, senor, and I do not care if you are. I recognise no other masters but the Senor Marquis and his children here present; they alone have the right to question me, and them alone I will answer."

The senator bit his lips, and turned to the marquis.

"Come, Paredes, answer," the latter said. "I really do not at all understand your obstinacy."

"Since you order me to speak, sir," the majordomo continued, "you must know that the person who told me of the insurrection of the pagans is a white hunter, called Stronghand."

"Stronghand?" brother and sister exclaimed simultaneously.

"Is not that," the marquis asked, "the hunter to whom we already are so greatly indebted?"

"Yes," the majordomo replied, musingly; "and it is probable that he has not yet finished."

Although it was the first time the senator heard the hunter's name mentioned, by a kind of intuition he felt a species of emotion for which he could not account.

"Oh," Dona Marianna cried, eagerly, "we must place entire confidence in Stronghand's statements."

"Certainly we must," Don Ruiz added. "It is plain that he wished to warn us, and put us on our guard."

"But who is this man who inspires you with such profound sympathy?" the senator asked.

"A friend," Dona Marianna replied, warmly, "for whom I shall feel an eternal gratitude."

"And whom we all love," the marquis added, with emotion.

"Then you accept his bail for Paredes?"

"Yes; and believe me, my friend, that I shall not neglect the advice he gives me."

"Very good, senor; you will therefore permit me to remark that Senor Paredes' obstinacy in not revealing his name must fairly appear to me extraordinary."

"Senor Rufino, Paredes is an old servant who enjoys a very pardonable freedom, and believes that he has acquired the right of being believed on his word. Now," he added, "let us discuss the means to prevent a surprise. Paredes, you will at once mount your horse, and order all the peons and vaqueros to bring the cattle and horses into the hacienda. You, Don Ruiz, will prepare the necessary corrals and houses to lodge the men and animals; collect as much forage and provisions as you can, for, in the event of a siege, we must not run the risk of being reduced by famine. How many peons have you under your orders, Paredes?"

"Excellency, we have about eighty able to bear arms, and do active duty, without counting the women, children, and old men, whom we can always turn to some account."

"Oh, oh," the marquis said, "there are many more than we require; I see that it will be unnecessary to summon our miners from Quitovar."

"The more so," Paredes objected, "because Captain de Nixa, whose position is far more exposed than ours, will already have enlisted them in his service."

"That is probable," the marquis answered, as he rose. "Go and carry out my orders without delay."

The majordomo bowed to his master, and went out.

"Will it please you, senor, to grant me a moment's interview?" the senator then said.

"I am at your orders, senor."

"Oh, do not disturb yourselves," the senator said, addressing Don Ruiz and his sister, who had risen to leave the room; "I have nothing secret to say to the marquis."

The young people sat down again.

"I confess to you that what this man has just said," Don Rufino continued, "has greatly startled me. I never saw any Indian braves, and have a horrible fear of them. I should therefore wish, Don Hernando, however strange so sudden a request may appear to you, to obtain your permission to leave you as soon as possible."

"Leave me!" the marquis replied, with amazement, "at this moment?"

"Yes; it seems as if coming events will be very serious. I am not a man of war, nor anything like it, for I am frightened at anything that bears a likeness to a quarrel; but Congress claims my immediate presence at Mexico, were it only to inform the Government of the situation in which this state is, and urge it to assume energetic measures."

"Senor Don Rufino, you are at liberty to act as you please. Still, I fear that the roads are not quite safe, and that you will expose yourself to serious dangers by obstinately insisting on departing."

"I have thought of that; but I fancy that when I have once reached Arispe, which is no great distance from here, I shall have nothing more to fear. Will you allow Don Senor Ruiz to escort me to that town?"

"I can refuse you nothing, senor. My son will accompany you, since you do him the honor of desiring his escort."

"Yes," the senator continued, taking a side glance at Dona Marianna, who had let her head drop on her chest; "I wish to entrust Don Ruiz with an important letter for you."

"Why write? it would be far more simple to tell me what you wish in a couple of words."

"No! no! that is impossible," Don Rufino answered, with a smile that resembled a grimace; "that would demand too much time: moreover, dear sir, you know better than I do that there are certain things which can only be settled by ambassadors."

"As you please, senor. When do you propose to start?"

"I frankly confess that, in spite of the regret I feel at leaving you, I fancy that the sooner I set out the better."

"It is only ten o'clock," said Don Ruiz, as he rose; "by hurrying a little, we can reach Arispe to-night."

"Famous! that is better. Allow me, Don Hernando, to take leave of you, as well as of your charming daughter, and pray accept my thanks for the noble hospitality I have received in your mansion."

"What! are you not afraid of travelling in the great heat of the day?"

"I only fear the sight of the Indians, and that fear is enough to make me forget all others. Excuse me, therefore, for leaving you so suddenly."

Don Ruiz had left the room to give the requisite orders, and his sister followed him, after making a silent curtsey to the senator, whose intention she was far from suspecting. The apprehension expressed by Don Rufino was greatly exaggerated, if it was not entirely fictitious; but he instinctively felt that the ground was beginning to burn beneath his feet at the hacienda, and he wanted to get away, not only to guard himself against the perils he foresaw from the ill success of his plot, but also to try and refasten the broken threads of his intrigue, and carry out his plans with the shortest possible delay.

The revolt of the Indians, by interrupting the work, paralyzing commercial transactions, and consequently creating enormous difficulties for the marquis, admirably assisted the senator in the realization of the plans he had long been forming in the dark. Moreover he desired, during the short ride he was going to take with Don Ruiz, to obtain in the young man a precious ally, who would serve him the better because he would do so without any after-thought, and without seeing Don Rufino's object. He also thought it better to write and detail his intentions to the marquis in a letter, rather than discuss them with him, for the grand diplomatic reason that the man who writes is the only speaker, must be heard, and consequently does not fear a refutation till he has completely explained his ideas.

After a few moments, Don Ruiz returned to state that the escort had mounted, and that all was ready for a start. Don Rufino repeated his farewells to the marquis, but the latter would not let him depart before he had drunk, according to the hospitable fashion of the country, the stirrup-cup—that is to say, a glass of iced orangeade. A few minutes later, Don Rufino Contreras, accompanied by Don Ruiz, and followed by six confidential peons, well armed and mounted, left the hacienda, and took the direction of Arispe, which they reached at nightfall; after a rather fatiguing journey, it is true, but which, however, was not troubled by any accident of an alarming nature. The only thing the travellers noticed, and which proved to them how thoroughly the news of an approaching invasion of the Indians had spread along the border, was the complete solitude of the country, which resembled a desert.

When they reached the gates of Arispe, they found them closed, and guarded by powerful detachments of soldiers and civics—a species of national militia, paid by the rich inhabitants to repress the devastation of the marauders who swarm on the Indian border. It was only after interminable debates and infinite precautions that the barrier guards at length consented to let the travellers pass. All the streets in Arispe were defended by strong barricades. The town resembled one large camp. The soldiers were bivouacked on all the squares, and sleeping round the bivouac fires, which were lighted as much to keep off the sharp night cold, as to cook their scanty rations.

Don Rufino possessed, on the Plaza Mayor of Arispe, a large and handsome mansion, at which he resided when business summoned him to Arispe. It took him more than an hour to reach it, owing to the numberless turnings he was compelled to take, and the barricades he was forced to scale. The door of the house was open, and a dozen soldiers were quietly bivouacked inside; but Don Rufino did not at all protest against this arbitrary violation of his domicile; on the contrary, he boasted of his senatorial title, and seemed much pleased with the liberty the soldiers had taken. Don Rufino would not allow Don Ruiz and his peons to seek shelter anywhere but in his own house; he forced them to accept his hospitality, and they did so without any excessive pressure, for both men and horses were beginning to feel the want of a few hours' rest, after an entire day's journey, made in the stifling heat of the sun.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SERIOUS EVENTS.

On the very day when Don Ruiz, after escorting Don Rufino Contreras to Arispe, returned to the hacienda, a courier arrived simultaneously with him. This man, who

was mounted on an utterly exhausted steed, had apparently ridden a great distance, and was in an excessive hurry. No sooner had he reached the Toro than he was introduced into the marquis's study, with whom he remained shut up for a long time. Then the courier, on leaving the study, remounted his horse, and set off again without speaking to a soul. The almost fantastic apparition of this man caused the occupiers of the hacienda that instinctive fear which people generally experience from things they cannot account for.

The marquis, whose face was usually imprinted with an expression of sad and resigned melancholy, had, after this interview, become of a cadaverous pallor; deep wrinkles furrowed his forehead, and his eyes stared wildly. He walked up and down for a long time in extreme agitation, with his arms crossed on his back, and his head bowed over his chest. At times he stopped, beat his forehead furiously, uttered incoherent words, and then resumed his walk mechanically—obeying an imperious want of locomotion rather than any other motive.

Dona Marianna, seated at a window of her boudoir, behind a muslin curtain, followed her father's movements, for she felt frightened at his state, and had a foreboding that she would have to share some of the sorrow which had fallen on him. The marquis at length stopped, looked round him like a man who is waking up, and, after a moment of reflection, returned to his apartments. A few minutes after, a servant came to inform Dona Marianna that her father was awaiting her in the red chamber. In spite of herself, the maiden felt her apprehensions redoubled, but hastened to obey.

This red chamber, into which we have already had opportunity to introduce the reader, and which Don Hernando had not entered since the day when his brother was so inexorably disinherited by their father, was as cold and gloomy as when we saw it. The sole difference was, that time, by tarnishing the lustre of the hangings and tapestry, and blackening the furniture, had imparted to it a tinge of sadness, which made the visitor shudder as soon as he entered. When Dona Marianna reached the red chamber, she found her father already there; he gave her a silent sign to take a seat, and she sank into an arm-chair in a state of undisguised alarm. A few minutes after Don Ruiz entered, followed by Jose Paredes. The marquis then seated himself in the spacious arm chair that occupied the centre of the dais; he ordered the majordomo to close the door, and began in a feeble, trembling voice—

"My children, I have summoned you hither because we have to discuss matters of the deepest gravity. I have called to our council Paredes, as an old servant of the family, whose devotions we have known so long, and I trust you will not think that I have exceeded my rights in doing so."

The young people bowed their assent, Paredes placed himself by their side, and the marquis continued—"My children, our family has for many years been tried by adversity. Hitherto, respecting the happy carelessness of childhood, I have sought to keep within my own breast the annoyances and grief with which I was incessantly crushed; for, after all, of what good would it have proved to lay a portion of the burden on your shoulders? Believe me, my children, I should have continued this conduct, and kept to myself all the cares and annoyances of such a life as I lead, had not a sudden, terrible and irremediable misfortune, which has fallen on me to-day, forced me, against my will, to impart to you a knowledge of the melancholy condition we are now in, and acquaint you with the posture of my affairs, which are yours, for I am only entrusted with the fortune which will be yours some day if we succeed in saving it."

The marquis stopped for a moment, overcome by the emotion which contracted his throat.

"Father," Don Ruiz replied, "you have ever been the best of parents to my sister and myself. Be assured that we have anxiously awaited this confidence, which has been so long delayed in the fear of causing us a temporary sorrow; for we hoped we might be able to assume a portion of the burden, and thus restore you the courage necessary to support the gigantic struggle in which you have engaged with adverse fortune."

"My son," the marquis said, "I know your hearts and your sister's. I am aware of the respectful affection you feel for me; and in the misfortune that is now bursting on me, it is a great satisfaction to have the intimate conviction that my children will heartily combine in supporting and consoling me."

"Be kind enough then, father, to tell us what the matter is, without further delay. The courier with whom you were shut up so long this morning cannot be a stranger to the determination you have formed. Doubtless he was the bearer of evil tidings?"

"Alas! my son," the marquis answered, "for some years past fortune has been treating our house with incomprehensible severity; everything is leagued against us, and our fortune, which was immense under the Spanish rule, has constantly diminished since the proclamation of Mexican independence. In vain have I tried to contend against the torrent which carried us away, and attempted to regain what I had lost by honorable enterprise. All has been of no avail, and my efforts have only served to prove the inutility of my attempts. Still, I had hoped a few days back that I should be able to render fortune more favorable to me. I foresaw a chance of saving some fragments of our old fortunes; but to-day I have attained the melancholy conviction that I am entirely ruined unless a miracle intervene."

"Oh, things cannot be so bad as that, father!" Dona Marianna exclaimed.

"Yes, my children, we are ruined—reduced to utter misery," the marquis continued sadly. "We have lost everything; even this hacienda, built by one of our ancestors, which will be speedily sold—perhaps to-morrow—for the benefit of our creditors."

"But how has such a great misfortune occurred?"

"Alas? in the same way as misfortunes always happen when fate has resolved on ruining a man. For a long time past business has been in a state of collapse, owing to the disastrous neglect of the Government; and the news of the fresh revolt of the Indian masses and braves has raised the alarm of the merchants to the highest pitch. The panic is general among the bankers and persons whose capital is engaged in mines; several houses at Hermosillo, Ures, Arispe, Sonora, and even Mexico, have already suspended payment, and thus everything has been paralyzed at a single blow. Then, to complicate matters even more, a pronunciamento has taken place in Mexico, and at this moment we have not only an Indian border war, but the interior of the country is suffering from all the horrors of a civil war."

"Do you know this officially, father?"

"Unfortunately, I cannot entertain the slightest doubt on the subject. For this reason, under such circumstances as the present, one thing inevitably happens. Creditors insist on the immediate repayment of their advances, while persons indebted to you, if they do not fail, defer payment so long that it is practically of no service. Now, the letters I received this morning, and they are numerous, may be divided into two classes; my debtors refuse to pay me, while my creditors, fearing a loss, have taken out writs against me, so that if I have not paid them within eight days the round sum of 380,000 piastres, I shall be declared bankrupt, imprisoned, expelled from my estate, and this hacienda, the last thing left us, will be put up to auction, and probably purchased for a trifle by one of the ex-vassals of our family, who has grown rich at our expense, and does not blush to take our place."

"Three hundred and eighty thousand piastres!" Don Ruiz muttered with stupor. "How can we possibly get it together?"

"It is useless to dream of it for the present, my son. This hacienda alone is worth double. At other times I could have offered a mortgage, and as I have nearly 300,000 piastres owing to me, you see that I could have easily confronted this fresh stroke of fortune. But now it cannot be thought of; it will be better to give way, and allow our creditors to divide the spoil. I hope you do not suppose, Ruiz, that I have the intention of defrauding my creditors of the little that is left me?"

"Oh no, father; but what do you propose doing?"

"Carai!" Paredes then said, "that is easily settled. I possess, through the liberality of the Moguer family a rancho, which owes nothing to anybody. It is yours, *mi amo*. My mother and I can easily find another shelter. Well, if this wretched lodging is not so fine or handsome as this, it will, at any rate, afford you a shelter, and save you from applying for it to strangers, is it so, excellency? Will you honor the old house of your servant by your presence?"

"Be it so, my friend. I accept your offer," he said. "Not that I intend to inconvenience you for any length of time, but merely during the few days I shall require to save, if possible, some fragments of my children's fortune from the general shipwreck."

"Do not think of us, father," Dona Marianna said, with emotion. "We are young, and will work."

Paredes was delighted at the acceptance of his offer.

"Oh, do not be frightened, *mi amo*," he said; "the old rancho is not so dilapidated and miserable as might be supposed. I trust, with the help of heaven, that you will not be very uncomfortable there, and, at any rate, you will have no cause to fear the visits of certain parties."

"You are unjust, Paredes," the marquis replied. "Don Rufino Contreras, to whom you allude, is one of my best friends, and I must speak of his behavior in the highest terms of praise."

"That is possible, *mi amo*, that is possible," the majordomo said, shaking his head with an air of conviction; "but if I may be permitted to express an opinion about that gentleman, I fancy we had better wait a while before fully making up our minds about him."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing, *mi amo*, really nothing. I have an idea, that is all."

"That reminds me, father, that on leaving me, Don Rufino gave me a letter, which he begged me to deliver to you so soon as I reached the hacienda."

"Yes; he informed me of his intention of writing."

"Hum!" the majordomo said, between his teeth, but loudly enough for the marquis to hear him; "I always had a bad idea of men who prefer blackening paper to explain themselves frankly in words."

During this aside, the marquis had opened and read the letter.

"This time, at any rate," he said, "Don Rufino cannot be accused of want of frankness, or of not explaining himself clearly. He warns me of the measures taken against me, and after showing me, in a most gentlemanly manner, the precarious nature of my position, he ends by offering me the means of escaping from it in the most honorable way; in one word, he asks for my daughter's hand, and offers her a dowry of one and a half million piastres, besides liquidating my debts."

Dona Marianna was crushed by the blow so suddenly dealt her. The marquis continued, with the bitter accent he had hitherto employed—"Such is the state we have reached, my children; we, the descendants of a race of worthies noble as the king, and whose escutcheon is unstained, have so fallen from our lofty social position, that we are too greatly honored by the offer of a man whose grandfather was our vassal. But such is the way of the world, and why blame it when we live in an age in which everything is possible?"

"What answer will you give to this strange letter, father?" Don Ruiz asked, anxiously.

Don Hernando drew himself up proudly.

"My son," he replied, "however poor I may be, I do not the less remain the Marquis de Moguer, the only thing, perhaps, which cannot be taken from me. I know the obligations I owe to the honor of my name. Your sister is free to accept or reject the offer made her. I do not wish, under any pretext, to influence her determination in so serious a matter. She is young, and has still many years to live; I have no right to enchain her existence with a man she does not love. She will reflect, and follow the impulse of her own heart. Whatever her resolution may be, I approve of it beforehand."

"Thanks, father," the maiden answered, gently. "And now grant me a last favor."

"What is it, my child?"

"I wish for a week before answering this request, for I am so surprised and confused, that it would be impossible for me to form any resolution at present."

"Very good, my child; in eight days you will give me your answer. And now withdraw: but do you remain, Paredes; before leaving the hacienda forever, I wish to make some arrangements in which your help will be necessary."

Brother and sister, after bowing respectfully to their father, slowly quitted this fatal chamber, which persons never enter save through a misfortune.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TIGRERO.

Don Ruiz and his sister left the red chamber together gloomy, sad, and despairing, and not daring to communicate their impressions, because they knew that they had nothing to hope from an exchange of conventional consolation. When they reached the hall whence ran the stairs leading to their different suites of rooms, Don Ruiz let loose his sister's arm, and kissed her on the forehead.

"Courage, Marianna," he said, gently.

"Are you leaving me, brother?" she remarked, with a slight tinge of reproach in her voice.

"Are you not going to your own rooms?" he asked her.

"And what do you intend doing?"

"To tell you the honest truth, sister," he replied, "after what has occurred in the red chamber, I feel in such a state of excitement, that I want to breathe the fresh air; did I not, I fancy I should be ill."

"Do you propose going out, then?"

"In leaving you, my dear sister, it is my firm intention to saddle Santiago, and ride about the country for two or three hours."

"If that be the case, Ruiz, I will ask you to do me a service."

"What is it?"

"Saddle Madrina at the same time."

"Your mare?"

"Yes."

"Are you going out too?"

"I want to pay a visit to my nurse, whom I have not seen for a long time. I am anxious to speak a few words with her."

"Will you go alone to the rancho?"

"Unless you give me the pleasure of your company."

"Do you doubt it, sister?"

"Yes and no, Ruiz."

"Why this reticence?"

"I will explain to you, brother. To be frank with you, I want to see my nurse, and I may spend the night at the rancho; in the event of that happening, I do not wish you to make an attempt to dissuade me by entreaty or otherwise."

"Reflect, sister, that the country is not tranquil, and that you may incur danger in a wretched rancho, where any resistance would be impossible."

"I have thought of that, and calculated all the chances. But I repeat to you, I must go to the rancho, and may be obliged to pass there not only a night, but a day or two."

Don Ruiz reflected for a moment.

"Sister," he then said, "you are no ordinary woman, and everything you do is carefully calculated. Although you do not tell me the motives for this visit, I guess that they are serious, and hence will make no attempt to thwart your wishes. Act as you please, and I will do all you wish."

"Thank you, Ruiz," she answered, warmly; "I anticipated you would say that, for you understand me: my visit has a serious motive, as you have divined."

"Then I will go and saddle the horses," he remarked, with a smile.

"Do so, brother," she replied, as she gently pressed his hand. "I will wait for you here."

The young man went out. Dona Marianna leant on the balustrade, and fell into deep thought. Don Ruiz returned, leading the horses by the bridle: brother and sister mounted, and at once left the hacienda. It was about five in the afternoon; the great heat of the day was spent, the birds were singing gayly beneath the foliage; the sun, now level with the lowest branches, had lost much of its heat; and the coming breeze, which was beginning to rise, refreshed the atmosphere, and bore far away the clouds of musquitoes which had for several hours darkened the air. The young people galloped silently side by side, absorbed in their thoughts, and only taking absent glances at the splendid scenery unfolded around them as they advanced further into the country. They thus reached the rancho without exchanging a word.

Bouchsley, faithful to his friendship for Dona Marianna, had long before announced her arrival to the inhabitants of the rancho, who had hurried out to welcome her. With a hurried glance, Marianna assured herself of the presence of her foster-brother, which seemed to cause her great satisfaction.

"Goodness! you here so late?" my daughter?" the ranchero said, in his delight; "what blessed wind has blown you?"

"The desire of seeing you, father," the young lady answered, with a smile.

"It is a good idea, nina," the ranchero said; "unfortunately it is late, and we shall only be able to converse with you for a few moments."

"How do you know, old father?" she replied, as she leaped off her horse, and threw her arms around his neck; "who told you I should not spend the night at the rancho?"

"Oh, oh, you would not do us that honor, nina," the old man answered.

"You are mistaken, father, and the proof is that I ask my brother to leave me here, and return alone to the hacienda."

"Then I am discharged," Don Ruiz said, laughingly.

"Yes, brother; but you have no cause of complaint, for I warned you."

"That is true; hence I do not complain, little sister; still, before we part tell me at what hour I am to come and fetch you to-morrow?"

"Do not trouble yourself about that, Ruiz; Marianno will bring me home."

"And this time I shall not behave as the last, nina: may the Lord confound me if I lose sight of you even for a moment," the tigrero said, as he took the horse's bridle to lead it to the corral.

"Will you be so cruel, Marianna," Ruiz observed, "as to force me thus to return at once?"

"No; I grant you an hour to rest and refresh yourself, but when that time has elapsed you will start."

"Agreed, little sister."

They entered the rancho: Sanchez, with that hospitable speed all Mexican rancheros display, had already covered the table with pulque, mezcal, Catalonian refino, orangeade, and infusion of tamarinds. The young people, thirsty from their long ride, and not wishing to grieve the worthy persons who received them so kindly, did honor to the refreshments thus profusely offered them. Don Ruiz, while teasing his sister about her strange fancy for spending the night at the rancho, though he felt convinced that she must have a very serious reason for it, conversed gayly according to his fashion, and displayed a dazzling wit which is easier in Mexico than elsewhere; for, owing to the natural intelligence of the people, no matter their rank, they are certain to understand. When day began to fall, the young gentleman took leave of the rancheros, mounted his horse, and started for the hacienda.

In Mexico, as in all intertropical countries, evening is the pleasantest part of the day: at that time the inhabitants are all in the open air. At night they sit in front of the rancho doors, conversing, singing, or dancing; two or three in the morning arrives before they dream of going to bed. But on this day, contrary to her habit when she paid her nurse a visit, Dona Marianna seemed fatigued: at times she had difficulty in checking a yawn, and her desire for rest was so evident that the nurse was the first to invite her to retire. The young lady required no pressing, and after bidding the old folks good-night, entered the rancho, and the room prepared for her. So soon as Marianna had left them, the old couple also retired to rest. As for Marianno, after making his usual tour of inspection round the rancho, he hung up a hammock under the portico, as he preferred sleeping in the open air to being shut up within walls which the sun's heat had rendered stifling. An hour later all the inhabitants of the rancho were plunged into the deepest sleep.

Suddenly the tigrero felt a hand gently laid on his shoulder; he opened his eyes, and by the light of the moon, which was almost as brilliant as day, recognized Dona Marianna. The young man who had thrown himself fully dressed upon the hammock, started up, and looked at his foster-sister anxiously.

"What is the matter with you, nina?" he asked, in evident alarm.

"Silence, Marianno!" she answered in a low voice, and laying her finger on her lips; "all is quiet, at least I suppose so, but I wish to speak with you."

"Go on, sister," he replied, as he leaped from the hammock and folded it up.

"Yes, but I am sorry at having waked you; you were sleeping so soundly, that I looked at you for nearly a quarter of an hour ere I dared to disturb your rest; for sleep is such a blessed thing."

"Nonsense," he answered with a laugh; "you were wrong, nina; we wood-rangers sleep so quickly that an hour is sufficient to rest us, and if I am not mistaken, I have been lying down for more than two. Hence speak, nina; I am attentive, and shall not miss a word of what you say to me."

The young lady reflected for a moment.

"You love me, I think, Marianno?" she at length said, with a certain hesitation in her voice.

"Like a sister, nina," he said, warmly; "in truth, are we not brother and sister? Why ask such a question?"

"Because I want you to do me an important service."

"Me, nina? Carai! do not be alarmed; I am devoted to you body and soul, and whatever you may ask—"

"Do not pledge yourself too hastily, Marianno," she interrupted him, with a meaning laugh.

"A man cannot do that when he firmly intends to keep his promise."

"That is true; still there are things from which a man at times recoils."

"There may be such, nina, but I do not know them; however, explain your wishes to me, frankly."

"I think, Marianno, that you are on friendly terms with the hunter, called Stronghand?"

"Very intimate, nina; but why do you ask the question?"

"Is he an honest man?"

The tigrero looked at her.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked her.

"Why," she said, with considerable embarrassment, "I mean a man of heart—a man, in short, whose word may be taken."

"Senorita," he said, "Stronghand saved my life under circumstances when my only hope was in Heaven. I have seen this man perform deeds of incredible courage and audacity, for the sole object of serving people who frequently did not feel the slightest gratitude to him. To me he is more than a friend—more than a brother; whatever he bade me I would do, even if I had to lay down the life he saved, and which belongs to him. Such, nina, is my opinion about the hunter called Stronghand."

The young lady gave a glance of pleasure.

"You are deeply attached to him?" she murmured.

"As I told you, he is more to me than a brother."

"And you often see him?"

"When I want him, or he wants me."

"Well," she continued, presently; "if you wanted to see Stronghand, do you know where to find him?"

"I think so."

"You are not certain?"

"Forgive me, nina, I am certain; we have a spot where we are safe to meet."

"But he might not be there."

"That might happen."

"What would you do in that case?"

"Go and seek him at another place, where I should be sure of finding him."

"Ah! and where is that?"

"At the village he inhabits."

"What village is that? I know of none in the vicinity."

"Pardon me, nina; there is one."

"A long way from here, I presume?"

"Only a few leagues."

"And what is this pueblo?"

"A village of the Papanos."

"What?"

"Yes, I have forgotten to tell you that. Although he is a white man, Stronghand has, for reasons I am ignorant of, joined the Indians, and been adopted by one of their most powerful tribes."

"That is singular," the young lady murmured.

"Is it not?" the tigrero replied; understanding less than ever the object of the conversation.

The maiden shook her head coquettishly, and seemed to form a sudden resolution.

"Marianno," she said, "I asked you to do me a service."

The tigrero looked at her attentively.

"You have a great need to see Stronghand?" he asked.

"Most extreme."

"It is more serious than you suppose, senorita."

"Why so?"

"Hang it! it is not so easy to enter an Indian village."

"But you do so."

"That is true; but I am alone and well known."

"Well, I will go on after you; that is all."

"Are you aware that the Indians have revolted?"

"That does not concern you, as you are a friend of theirs."

Marianno shook his head.

"You ask a very difficult thing again, my sister," he said, "in which you run a great risk."

"Yes, if I fail; but I shall succeed."

"It would be better to give up this excursion."

"Confess at once," she said, impatiently, "that you do not wish to keep the promise you made me."

"You are unjust to me; I am only trying to dissuade you from an enterprise which you will repent when it is too late."

"That is my business, I repeat, Marianno," she continued, with a marked stress in her words; "it is not to gratify a caprice that I wish to see the hunter. I have reasons of the utmost importance for wishing to speak with him; and, to tell you all, he urged me to summon him under certain circumstances, and told me I need only apply to you in order to find him. Are you satisfied now? Will you adhere to your doubts, and still refuse to accompany me?"

The young man had listened to Dona Marianna with earnest attention. When she had ended, he replied—"I no longer hesitate, nina; as things are so, I am bound to obey you. Still, I beg you not to make me responsible for any events that may happen."

"Whatever may occur, my kind Marianno, be assured that I shall be grateful to you for the immense service you have rendered me."

"And you wish to start at once?"

"How far have we to ride?"

"Some ten or twelve leagues."

"Oh, that is nothing."

"Not on a regular road; but I warn you that we shall be compelled to follow hardly visible wild beast tracks."

"The night is clear; we shall have sufficient light to guide us, so let us start."

"If you wish it," the young man answered.

A few minutes later they left the rancho at a gallop. It was about two in the morning; and the moon, which was at its full, lit up the landscape as in bright day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, April 1, 1871.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

France.

Serious disturbances have occurred in Paris since its evacuation by the Germans. The populace seem at times frenzied, committing acts of violence utterly barbarous and inexcusable. Two or three prominent French generals have been murdered by them, including, it is rumored, the gallant Ducrot. The insurrectionary Central Committee has issued a proclamation postponing the elections in Paris "until after energetic measures have caused their rights to be respected." The Germans have threatened to re-occupy the city, unless order is soon restored. Lyons, next to the capital, is the most revolutionary city in France, and disturbances are reported. What will be the result of all this chaos it is impossible to say. The political future of France seems very dark.

☞ The death of Robert Chambers, the eminent author and publisher of Edinburgh, is announced. He and his brother William were the founders of *Chambers's Journal*, well known to the readers of THE POST as a periodical from which many charming English stories, republished in America, have been taken.

☞ Several new arrivals from England have been added to the zoological collection in Central Park. Among these are a magnificent lion and lioness. The lion, a huge brute, lives on bad terms with his wife, whom he wollops frequently and gets scratched in return. There is also a fine specimen of the rhinoceros, with only a wart upon his nose, however, where a horn ought to be. A young zebra or quagga, apparently very docile, is also among the new arrivals.

☞ It is feared that Tennyson will lose the use of his eyes. It would be sad and strange, indeed, if his name were added to the list of illustrious blind poets.

☞ The workmen in Trinity churchyard, Newport, R. I., have found, while making their excavations, an old piece of silver money bearing date 1683, and stamped Carolus II. The owner can have it by calling on John H. Glynn. It is thought, however, that he is dead now.

The Education of Daughters.

A WORD TO PARENTS.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

Within the last quarter of a century our land has been dotted with seminaries and colleges for the education of our daughters, and now come the questions which the friends of the cause must face.

Is the plan of study usually pursued the one best suited to the prospective wants of the pupil? Is it advisable for a growing girl, with a delicate organization, to undertake the full college course, and add also the ornamental branches?

As I had long looked with ardent longing for an enlarged course of study for young ladies, I am watching with intense interest its results. Meeting with so many chronic invalids among those who have had the best educational advantages, I have grown anxious on the "school question," and visited many of our best institutions to ascertain whether homes or schools were at fault, that we have so many invalid daughters. I am very sorry to find that hosts of sick girls are sent to our best schools, expecting that they will learn the art of healthy living along with the other arts and sciences. Parents expect good scholars to be made out of very poor material, and that, too, in an incredibly short time. I am surprised at the home-pressure on delicate girls, urging them to do double duty that they may enter an advanced class, and thus graduate early, when the young lady is better fitted for an infirmary than an institution of learning. An absent daughter is a great social privation to parents, sometimes also a pecuniary tax which they can ill afford; hence the propensity to "hurry up," which is so hazardous to mind and body.

Uneducated parents are often over-earnest for the education of their daughters. They have no conception of a college course, of the amount of mental labor it requires, or that delicate girls unable to work are unable to think consecutively, or profitably, for any length of time. Such remind one of the ignorant woman who called to inquire how her boy was coming on at school. Being told "not very well," she asked "why?" "He lacks capacity," replied the teacher. "Indade, sir, and why didn't ye tell me that afore, and I would have bought him one!"

"Money can't make me well and strong like other children," said little Paul to Dombey, his father. So, schools well endowed and well kept cannot give good health and great scholarship to sickly girls in a short time, even though rich parents are ready to meet the bills, and the best of professors are untiring in their efforts. Hence, let us cease complaining of our schools when we send girls young and sickly, and they come home less in mind and less in muscle than we expected.

The first great fault in their training is the insane haste to have them learn everything while young. By this means, their education is literally finished early—the intellectual force and flush being burned out, used up hopelessly. Of those thus crowded many die early, some are left permanent invalids, and others still retain their physical power but fail mentally. The bright scholars become not only dull as years advance, but sometimes positively imbecile, or as we say, weak-minded. Of all these classes I have seen many very sad instances.

The peculiar causes of mental and physical derangement induced by over-study while young are presented more at length in "Talks to My Patients," and hence I will not now dwell upon them. Suffice it to say, our girls are not mature enough in mind or body to endure the labor of a college course till they are eighteen or twenty years of age. Remember, that I do *not* say that they cannot learn the appointed lesson, or that they may not graduate with honor even before that age, but it will be at the expense of mind or body, which will show itself in after years. Their womanhood will not be as strong, as complete, as enduring as it would have been if they had had less study in early girlhood. Not only is their health almost inevitably impaired, but what they learn when thus over-crowded is evanescent. Many a young woman, during the days of invalidism which succeed her school course says, "I am forgetting all that I learned."

During school examination young ladies will recite so much and so well as to amaze men of sound learning who listen, but the pale lip and wasted muscles, which give now and then an involuntary twitch, show that the system has been over-taxed, and graduation closes usually her career in science and literature. The brain is too weary for close, substantial reading, back too weak for piano practice, no taste nor strength for domestic work; so she takes to easy chairs, light literature, social life, and worsted work, unless in lack of friends to give support she is driven to the school-room to earn a living, which is "a hard road to travel" for a worn-out student. The objection comes, that if our daughters are not sent away to school early marriage will interfere with their proper education. Be it so, they had much better enter upon their new life with good health, and good home-training, *without* the college course, than with it, and lacking the first two acquirements. It is impossible for girls to graduate at eighteen or twenty, have the freedom necessary for a good physical development, learn well home duties, and take a complete college course, to which has been added art studies. Something must be neglected, and it is usually health and housekeeping, the two most important elements to make a contented wife and happy home. Everything in its order—first the physical, and those activities which favor muscular development. There is a time for all things, and the time to develop muscle and learn those forms of handicraft which depend on them is before the twentieth year.

After that it is developed slowly and imperfectly. All deem important the early muscular education of the fingers for the piano, even so the tact, dispatch, and strength of fibre needed for domestic work should be developed when the body is growing. If delayed, dislike and debility make it irksome. If the first lessons in household work are postponed until after graduation, we shall conclude that our girls have learned "all kinds of sense except common sense," and that, however well their heads are furnished, their hands are very useless and their backs too weak for any useful work. I do not mean that much manual labor and close mental work can go on simultaneously. We should not expect our girls to be able to do much at home while in school. Therefore, during their growing stage there should be school life and home life, alternating from year to year, as the state of health and state of head indicates. But the girls say, "Let me finish my school course, then I will learn housework," and add by way of argument, that it will be easier to learn now than later, that they can pass a better examination by continuous study, all of which is, to some extent, true. But nothing pays which impairs health in the acquiring. This turning all the life force to mental culture unbalances a system which has a body and brain. Hence growing years should be divided between the development of the one and the other.

There is reason to hope that if our educational plan included more years, it would delay marriage till the mental and physical maturity of womanhood was more perfectly accomplished, and thus bless the land with better wives and better mothers. If the young lady completes the full college course, and also music and painting, and has given good attention to home culture, and taken good care of her health, she should feel that she has done well if she receives her diploma at twenty-two to twenty-four years of age, according to her health, early advantages, and power of endurance. Very few can do all this, and do it well, before that age.

But some one says, "Our sons go to college young, and get through earlier than this." Yes, and how do they come out? Many of them miserable invalids, others know little more that is good and much more that is bad than when they entered. They often lose for lack of good home care what is of more value than all the Presidents and Professors can give. But I am not writing of the sons, but merely wish to shut off invidious comparisons between the sexes. Both need constant guidance during their most impressible ages. Boys in some respects require more and receive less than girls. Our sons suffer more from vicious habits, and our daughters from those that are unhealthful. Boys are trusted more at large, but the community calls for continued supervision of our girls, and hence the confinement must be close, too close for the best development of the young, who ought to enjoy childish freedom, like lambs at liberty to run in the home pasture under a shepherd's eye, where they can be gathered into the family fold about "nightfall." The general regulations for college students as to hours of rising, retiring and exercise cannot be elastic enough to meet the needs of sensitive, sickly, delicate girls. The effort made to adjust the rules and the exceptions in a large school so as to meet the wants of the younger and weaker members makes the work of supervision, of giving permissions, very burdensome for those who have the oversight. Teachers are worn in the effort to do double duty, that of acting as teacher and mother to many who ought still to be in the home nest.

"But," says one, "if my daughter is at home she will go out in society too early, she will keep late hours, and eat what she ought not to, and if I put her in school she will be restrained and held to regular habits." And so you shirk the care and responsibility of guiding your excitable and wayward child on to some worn-out teacher, who has already more of that class than she can well manage.

Another says, "If my girl stays at home, what shall she do? I don't want her on the street, and we keep so many servants there is nothing for her to do in-doors." All I can say to this is, that every girl should do domestic work till she can do it well, and that her mother should teach her the art of housekeeping.

In all our larger schools are gathered many young girls who are not ready for the position, but for whom there seems no better place—motherless girls, those unhappy with their second mother, and those whom their own mother cannot manage. Of the many belonging to these classes, I have seen many sick, sad faces among girls fourteen or fifteen years of age, who had been in a boarding-school for three or four years, and who counted the years they must remain before they could graduate as convicts number the years of imprisonment. They had no love for study, no health for study, and were weary with the monotony of their lives. There is no drudgery so irksome as mental work, when there is lack of taste and strength to accomplish it well. Those who take kindly to boarding-school life at an early age, lose their love for quiet home life, and seldom regain it.

Those who cannot have proper home care at this age should find a place in small family schools, where there can be as much of home freedom and home feeling as possible. To be sure, there are educational advantages in a large school which cannot be had in a small one, but this will not make amends for the nervous excitability and consequent exhaustion induced by the presence of so many persons. Besides this, the individual motherly supervision, the quiet home sense, is lost. As to those wild and wayward girls who worry teachers, and lead pupils astray, and necessitate rules and regulations too stringent for the general good, they need a place of their own.

A president of one of our colleges said, half playfully but very wisely, that the Protestant churches needed what was equivalent to a Catholic convent for this class, or a sort of "House of Refuge," for girls who would not do well at home, and who were ringleaders of mischief at college. Certain I am that the system of espionage often practised in our large schools has an unpleasant effect on the watcher and the watched.

If parents felt more their personal responsibility, and would keep their children under good home guidance till they were well established in health, mature in mind, and needed the aid of presidents and professors, our high schools could then do their appropriate work, and not have their enthusiasm exhausted in nursing, watching, and governing. I have been annoyed, amazed, and amused at the variety of work parents require of their teachers. As a sample, a city mother takes her daughter to college and amid the varied attentions which she wants her to receive, and asks that the lady principal will try to have her daughter converted, and see that she curls her hair every morning, adding that her father is very particular about her hair, as he likes to see her in curls, and that she (the mother) feels very sorry that Clara is not a Christian. The desire for outward and inward adorning was all expressed at the same time, and in the same tone.

Let parents look well after the spiritual and physical training of their children, and accept such helps for the mental as their location affords, until the general habits are well established, and then we have a foundation and superstructure to which colleges can add gifts and graces.—*The Herald of Health.*

☞ Josh Billings denies that he ever wrote a single line to which exception could be taken.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE QUEEN'S REVENGE, and other Stories. By WILKIE COLLINS. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Bros. A collection of fourteen stories by the author of "The Woman in White."

JACK HINTON. By CHARLES LEVER. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Bros. A new edition, paper cover, of this humorous novel. As a rollicking, yet manly writer, Lever is without an equal.

THE BLACK TULIP. A Novel. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

MAX KROMER: A Story of the Siege of Strasbourg. New York: Dodd & Mead. This is a record of personal experiences in Strasbourg during the terrible six weeks' siege. It does not relate the history of armies, but tells how the war came to the homes and hearts of the people. It is a thrilling narrative, told in simple style, and gives a vivid idea of life in a crowded city during a merciless siege. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger have it.

CRUDEN'S CONCORDANCE. Dodd & Mead also have issued, and Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger have for sale a large volume entitled "A COMPLETE CONCORDANCE OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES" by ALEXANDER CRUDEN, M. A., with a memoir and portrait of the author. The preparation of the book has required great labor, it being, as its title implies, a Dictionary and Alphabetical Index to the Bible. To a student of Biblical subjects the volume is invaluable.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for April, Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. The contents of this number are varied and interesting. "Wild Ireland," the opening article is an admirable one, the first of a series from the pen of a writer well acquainted with the region he describes. "A Western Newspaper Enterprise," "Charles Francis Adams" and "What Shall We Drink?" are particularly readable. A poem by Emma Lazarus is vigorous and pleasing.

THE GALAXY. New York: Sheldon & Co. The April number contains twelve separate articles, including instalments of continued stories, besides a great variety of miscellaneous matter. "Lee at Gettysburg," by J. D. Imboden, will attract general attention. A portrait of Carl Benson accompanies the number.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, conducted by J. G. Holland has a very attractive table of contents. "Life in the Cannibal Islands," (illustrated) "The Anthracite Problem," and "Children Who Work" are among the most prominent and readable articles. "Dolly Sullivan, a quaint, illustrated poem by Marian Douglass, is noticeable. "An April Violet," a nine line poem, is as fragrant as the flower.

The Royal Marriage.

The marriage of Princess Louise was celebrated with brilliancy. At 11 o'clock on the morning of the appointed day, the Ministers, Ambassadors, nobility and clergy, and the bridegroom's family were admitted to the Royal Chapel. At 12.10 the royal carriages with all the members of the Queen's family and other royal personages left Queensgate, at Windsor Palace, and proceeded to the south entrance of the chapel, where they were received by the Lord Chamberlain and conducted to their place.

At 12.05 the bridegroom arrived, accompanied by Earl Percy and Lord Gower. They were conducted to seats on *haut pas*. At 12.15 the bride, accompanied by the Queen and suite in five carriages, arrived at the west entrance of the chapel, where they were joined by the bridesmaids, and moved up the *nave* amid music by the choir, the bride supported by the Queen, Prince of Wales and Duke of Saxe Coburg. The bridesmaids were ladies Campbell, Cecil, Butler, Montague, Gordon, Lennox, Seymour and Fitzgerald. The bride was seated on the left of the altar, with the Queen near at hand. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of London in choral style, the Queen giving the bride away. At the end of the last prayer a royal salute was fired from artillery in Windsor Park, and the guests repaired to the castle for luncheon.

The bride and bridegroom departed at three o'clock for Claremont for the honey moon. About a thousand guests witnessed the ceremony. The grounds of the Castle were filled with immense crowds. The Marquis of Lorne wore the uniform of the Argyleshire artillery, and not a Highland costume. The Bishop of London was assisted by the Bishops of Oxford, Winchester and Worcester. At night there was a grand banquet and the Castle was illuminated. The festivities continued two days.

Ireland furnished the wedding dress of its finest poplin, and the laces were English, of that Honiton filament, inferior in delicacy to the gossamer webs of Brussels and Valenciennes, but representing at once the industry of Devonshire and the national sentiment of the Throne.

The young bridegroom is by hereditary feeling and personal predilection the friend of America, with whose vast resources and social life he has made himself acquainted in an extended tour of this country, and we are sure that all will unite, while the peal of his wedding bells has hardly yet ceased to sound, in wishing for himself and his bride that they "may live long and prosper."

☞ The American gold mines west of the Rocky Mountains are said to produce a little less than $60 000 000 a year.

☞ They have a hen forty-three years old at Port Carbon, Pa.

☞ Out of six million owners of real estate in the United States, more than two-thirds are farmers.

☞ The scoundrels in New York who are engaged in swindling people by sending them offers to sell counterfeit money, are being captured and sent to jail.

☞ Full blown dandelions were gathered in Milford, Conn., on the 7th of March.

☞ A saw mill owner of Vigo county, Indiana, celebrated his wooden wedding recently. His workmen presented him with 10,000 feet of lumber, and a neighbor contributed thirteen large poplar logs.

☞ Francis Crowley, aged eighty, often said he would be willing to die when he had seen his youngest granddaughter married. He attended her wedding the other evening, near St. Louis, and, taking part in the dance, fell dead at her feet.

☞ Cleveland has a Charles Sumner on its police force.

☞ Epitaph on a sexton:—

"Come, let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall;
For sure, if he'd lived, he had buried us all."

☞ Twenty new steamers are to ply the Mississippi river this summer.

☞ A little girl in New Jersey was accidentally choked by swallowing an India-rubber toy balloon which she happened to have in her mouth.

☞ One Sunday night recently, the residents in the neighborhood of a silk manufactory in Camden, N. J., were thrown into much excitement in consequence of the ringing of the bell at the factory. Its tone had not vibrated on the air for a period of eleven years. The people ran from all quarters, supposing the place to be on fire. They found the doors and windows closed as usual, and no sign of fire about the premises. The bell kept on ringing without apparent cause, and some of the people, who believed in omens, entertained doubts and misgivings about it. A further investigation revealed the fact that some mischievous boys had tied a piece of strong twine to the bell. This twine was long enough to reach the ground. After nightfall the boys got into a dark place and commenced pulling the twine, which resulted in the ringing aforesaid and greatly alarming the people.

☞ A woman, writing in a New York weekly paper, says the reason why cheese is so digestible is that it contains so much of butyric, capriolic, and similar substances in it. We have often seen those little animals wriggling around in cheese, but we never knew before that names had been given to them. How wonderful Science is!

☞ It seems the story that the wife of ex-Senator B. F. Wade has inherited a large fortune by the death of a brother in Connecticut is untrue. The S. H. Parsons who died intestate in Middletown, Conn., is no blood relation to Mrs. Wade, and therefore none of his property comes to her.

☞ The most exquisite taste delights in simplicity. The more barbarous a nation the more it revels in gorgeous and costly ornament, but when every American woman lays her ear-rings aside forever, the tranquillity and peace of the Republic is assured.

☞ Five United States Senators are natives of Pennsylvania.

☞ Duck catching, by means of gill nets, is carried on very extensively in the waters of Long Island. Authorities claim that last fall over 10,000 ducks were caught in Shinnecock bay alone. The practice is new, and great complaints are made against it by sportsmen, as tending to a monopoly of the birds.

☞ The King of Denmark drives a team of reindeers.

☞ In Boston the lawyer is known by his green bag; in New York by his greenbacks.

☞ The "net" proceeds of a young lady's head—Her hair.

☞ Queen Victoria has been vaccinated recently, and wants it so understood.

☞ The public looks upon the editor's labors as the Indian did upon the man that was cutting hay. He finally gave in his opinion that it was "easy to see the white man mow."

☞ An amusing case recently occurred in Bridgeton, Maine. The subject of dispute was a big ash tree, standing at the corner of three lots belonging respectively to—well, we will call them Smith, Jones, and Brown. Smith felled the tree, saying it was on his side of the line; Jones claimed it as his; there was a great tempest in a teapot; and, to settle the matter, a surveyor was engaged to run the line; which, after two days' hard work in the snow and brush, aided by a corps of assistants, he accomplished, when, lo and behold! it was found that the tree belonged to Brown!

☞ An early settler of Indiana planted two trees in front of his cabin, saying to his wife that they should be the trees of their lives. In 1834 the one named after the man fell, and he survived it but a little. Recently the woman's tree died, and she lived but a day or two longer.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—8000 bbls in lots, at prices ranging from $5.25@5.75 for superfine; $5.75@6.50 for extra; $6.50@7 for Penna family; $6.50@7.50 for Northwest family, $7@7.75 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $8@9.50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5.75@6 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—12,000 bushels of Western red at $1.67@1.71; 9000 bus of Penna red at $1.45@1.55; 1500 bus of Kentucky white at $1.90; 3000 bus of Western white at $1.75@1.85; 18,000 bus of amber at $1.70@1.75 ₩ bus. Rye—Sales at $1@1.05 ₩ bus. Corn—Sales of 30,000 bus yellow at 82@83c, and 15,000 bus of mixed at 81@83c ₩ bus. Oats—Sales of 40,000 bus at 65@67c for prime and 62½@65c for mixed. Barley—5000 bus of two-rowed New York sold at 85c.

PROVISIONS—Sales of 1500 bbls mess Pork at $21@21.50, and extra prime at $18; Mess Beef at $20@23 ₩ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $20@22 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 15½@16c; Excelsior hams at 17c; sides at 13@13c, and shoulders at 10c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 12@14½c; sides at 10c, and shoulders, in salt, at 8@8½c. Lard—Sales of 300 bbls and tierces at 13½@13½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 17@18c; Penna store packed at 20@24c, and roll at 22@30c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 17@20c ₩ dozen. Cheese sells at 10@13c ₩ lb.

COTTON—400 bales of middlings sold at 14½@15½c ₩ lb for upland, and 15@15½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—No. 1 Quercitron sold at $31 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $18@22 ₩ cord for Chestnut and Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX sells at 29@32½c ₩ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Apples and Peaches—Sales at 4@8c for Apples and 13@14c ₩ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $6@7 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1,15@1,50; mixed do, $1@1,05; Straw, $1.15@1,20.

HOPS—Sales at 5@19c.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of No. 1 Lehigh grade at $25@26; No. 2 at $23@24, and Gray Forge at $21 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $22@24 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—1800 bushels sold at 10½@11½c ₩ lb. Timothy at $5,00. Flaxseed at $2@2,10.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 850 head. The prices realized from 5½@9½ cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $40 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—11 000 head were disposed of at from 6@8c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $10 to $11,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"We have used the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine in the Home of the Friendless for many years. It has done excellent service, and has been an invaluable assistant in the making and repairing of the hundreds of garments here, and remains a monument of excellent work done."

MRS. I. GRANT,
Matron of the Home of the Friendless, Chicago.

"What Have You Taken for It?"

said Mrs. Laura Thompson to her friend Miss Lake, referring to a sick headache with which the young lady was continually afflicted. "Oh," said Miss L., "I've taken cathartic pills enough to load a cannon." "Discard them," said her friend, "and try my medicine, PLANTATION BITTERS. Bile is the cause of your difficulty; and I know by experience the Bitters are a certain cure for biliousness."

Miss Lake adopted Mrs. Thompson's advice, and was cured within a fortnight. She is now at the Metropolitan Hotel, and will confirm this statement.

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, custards, creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.*

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES.

SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the
Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

Bear in Mind.

When disease has undermined the health, and the physical system has become prostrated, a stimulant that will not only strengthen, but remove the cause, should be immediately resorted to. Mental distress is also a fruitful source of the breaking down of the constitution, and the ravages of this enemy to health are truly alarming. For all such maladies HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS have been found unsurpassed. By acting directly upon the digestive organs, they remove the heavy, disagreeable feeling after eating, so often complained of by persons of a delicate temperament. As soon as digestion is restored, the patient finds his strength increasing, and his general health improved.

Thousands of persons certify that it may be relied on in all cases of weakness or nervous debility attendant upon sedentary habits. The generality of Bitters are so disagreeable to the taste that they are objectionable to a weak stomach. This is not the case with Hostetter's Bitters, which will be found mild and extremely pleasant. Balsamic plants, barks and roots contribute their restorative juices to render it soothing and strengthening. Its basis is the only pure stimulant which has ever been produced, containing no *fusil oil*, or any other deleterious element. The most careful and skilful chemists have analyzed the Bitters, and pronounced them harmless. This is scientific testimony; but the testimony of the hundreds of thousands who have experienced the preventive and curative effects of the GREAT VEGETABLE TONIC AND ALTERATIVE of modern times is still more conclusive. In Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Nervous Complaints, Chronic Complaints and general debility it is as nearly infallible as anything in this fallible world can be. ap-5t

CONSUMPTION ☞ CAN BE CURED BY LIEBIG'S LIFE CURE. Sample package and treatise free.

Address, Dr. T. F. BURT, 737 Sixth Avenue, New York. jan21-12t

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN,

use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Sold by druggists everywhere. Depot, 49 Bond st., New York. jan7-3m

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Pimply Eruptions, Black Heads, Flesh Worms, or Grubs, and Blotched Disfigurations on the *Face*, use *PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.* Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Wholesale in Philadelphia by JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 602 Arch St. jan7-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th of March, by the Rev. George Bringhurst, JOHN F. A. HOOPER to Miss MARY ANN SMITH, both of this city.

On the 7th of March, by the Rev. T. C. Yarnall, D. D., Mr. J. REESE BENDER to Miss ELLA FLORENCE BARRET, both of this city.

On the 8th of March, by the Rev. E. L. Magoon, CHARLES G. HUTCHINSON to Miss MARY M. LONGSTRETH, both of this city.

On the 12th of March, by the Rev. W. H. Burrell, Mr. C. H. THEOLAWNY to Miss LAURA DAVIS, both of this city.

On the 16th of March, by the Rev. John McLeod, Mr. THOS. J. WINANS, of Newark, N. J., to Miss ANNIE McLEOD, of this city.

On the 16th of March, by the Rev. L. P. Hornberger, FRANK S. RANDALL to EMILY PAXSON DELLOW, all of this city.

On the 18th of March, by the Rev. J. W. Claxton, Mr. GUSTAVUS FILE to Miss LILLIE GERRISH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th of March, THOMAS LAIRD, in the 83d year of his age.

On the 14th of March, WM. H. CAINES, in the 42d year of his age.

On the 14th of March, MARY A. HASWELL, in the 64th year of her age.

On the 15th of March, WM. H. PENNEBECKER, in his 28th year.

On the 16th of March, JAMES WILSON, in the 63th year of his age.

On the 16th of March, RUTH ANN REEVES, aged 73 years and 5 months.

On the 16th of March, HENRY JONES, in the 63th year of his age.

On the 17th of March, ROSANNA MILLIGAN, in the 23d year of her age.

On the 17th of March, Chief Engineer ANDREW LAWTON, U. S. N., in the 49th year of his age.

On the 17th of March, ESSIE BLACKBURN, in the 23d year of her age.

On the 18th of March, GOTTLIEB ZIMMERMAN, in the 72d year of his age.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Bessy Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

We commenced in THE POST of Jan. 7th, a

STORY OF ADVENTURE

By GUSTAVE AIMARD, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of THE POST is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meats and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of THE POST without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

BY AN OLD STREAM.

AT ALSAGER HAY HILL.

Yonder's the old mill-stream,
Lagging on as of yore,
And the idle willows gleam
On either shore.

Hardly a change, you say,
For the mossy wheels go on,
And it seems but yesterday
We came with John.

Deep in the shade we sat,
Under the alders there;
Oh, for the boyish chat,
And the fisher's fare!

Hark to the ousel's note;
Over the stream he goes!
In that pool, by the boat,
The big fish rose.

The king-fisher comes—ah me!
Blue as the skies in May;
Why thus glitter and flee,
As yesterday?

Where, then, is one? you ask,
He that sat with us here—
Has he finished his task?
Yes, brother dear.

Yes, it is good we rest
Here as in days gone by;
All has been for the best—
God knoweth why.

An Aimless Life.

I committed one fatal error in my youth, says Robert Dale Owen, and dearly have I abided by it. I started in life without an object, even without an ambition. My temperament disposed me to ease, and to the full I indulged the disposition. I said to myself: "I have all that I see others contending for; why should I struggle?" I knew not the curse that lights on those who have never to struggle for anything. Had I created for myself a definite pursuit—literary, scientific, artistic, social, political—no matter what, so there was something to labor for and to overcome, I might have been happy.

I feel this now—too late! The power is gone. Habits have become chains. Through all the profitless years gone by, I seek vainly for something to remember with pride, or even to dwell upon with satisfaction. I have thrown away a life. I feel, sometimes, as if there were nothing remaining to me worth living for. I am an unhappy man.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—This abbey is of Gothic design, built in the form of a cross 400x200 feet. It was founded in 610, by the Saxon King, Sebert; and, having been destroyed by the Danes, it was rebuilt by King Edgar in 958, and was enlarged by Edward the Confessor, in 1245. It suffered great injuries during the Reformation, but was restored by Sir Christopher Wren, architect. Here every sovereign of England, since Edward the Confessor, has been crowned; and here many of them lie buried. It is also the burial-place of many of the most distinguished statesmen and *literati* of England, among whose tombs one of the latest is that of Charles Dickens.

READERS.—There are four kinds of readers. The first is like the hour glass; and their reading being as the sand, it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second is like the sponge, which imbibes everything and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third is like a jelly-bag, allowing all that is pure to pass away, and retaining only the refuse dregs. And the fourth is like the slaves in the diamond mines, who, casting aside all that is worthless, retain only the pure gems. —*Coleridge.*

☞ A young woman in Maine, who has suffered much from ear-ache for two years past has just experienced decided relief by the expulsion of a beetle bug three-quarters of an inch in length from what a down-east paper calls her auricular appendage.

THE LUCKY SHOT.

A STORY OF THE WHITE HILLS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ARTHUR L. RESERVE.

Among those that left their home by the sea-side, and taking the North Star for their guide, kept on their course until it was hidden from their sight by the gray cliffs of the White Hills was a young man by the name of Moses Grant, his wife, and an only child, a boy five years of age. The great intervales on the Saco that now comprise the best farms in the State, were then only a tangled wilderness, and the sound of the woodman's axe had not woke the echoes of that slumbered in the hearts of the cliffs that hemmed them in with a granite wall, such as no city of old ever possessed. None save the red man, and the white hunter had ever penetrated here, and the latter on their return to their homes had given so glowing an account of the richness of the soil, that a company was at once formed to settle there, and early in the Spring they proceeded to take possession of the Promised Land.

Their journey through the wilderness was not accomplished without many adventures, for danger beset them on every side. The forest was full of wild beasts of prey, such as bears and wolves, but of these they had not so much to fear as they did from the fierce mountain panthers or wildcats that were ever ready to give them battle, and coming upon them when least expected, and at all hours day and night. Concealed amid the branches of the trees they would spring down upon those passing beneath, and quite a battle would ensue before the enemy would be destroyed or put to flight as the case might be.

Their journey through the wilderness consumed more time than they had expected, for they found the rivers much swollen by the melting of the ice and snows amid the mountains, and in many cases they found it impossible to ford, and no time was lost in constructing a raft on which to cross to the other side, but at last all these hinderances were overcome, and they arrived without the loss of one of their number at the spot they had selected for a home and at once went about the construction of some rude cabins in which to reside until they had time and resources to build something better for their accommodation.

Moses Grant was the only one not pleased with the locality upon which the rest of the company had agreed to build their cabins. The land immediately surrounding he did not think so good as that farther up the valley; and so after a day spent in exploring, he selected a site for a home, some two miles above them, where the valley was narrower, and where the mountains that hemmed them in were loftier, and for ages had been sending downward the decayed vegetable mould, that made the soil beneath a garden-spot for richness. Here he built his cabin, and then went for his wife and boy, who had remained with the rest of the company, that they might receive the shelter of the small cabin that had been erected by their joint exertion as a shelter for the women and children. And fairly domiciled, the young pioneer commenced his attack upon the forest—and in a short time he had quite an opening made, and enough seed in the earth, which if it brought forth fruit as abundantly as he hoped, would be enough to supply them with food for the coming winter, with the aid of his rifle in the intended raids he expected to make upon the haunts of the game, with which the mountains abounded.

The summer came and went—and at last the maple and the ash had put off the mantle of green with which all through the summer they had been clothed, and donned one of scarlet and gold, until it seemed that the mountain sides were a mass of flame. Six days in the week had Moses Grant labored unceasingly, and now he beheld his reward. Half a score of acres about the cabin had been cleared, and the seed he had placed in the earth had brought forth fruit abundantly; and his neighbors below when they came up, as they sometimes did to see how he was prospering, saw, with chagrin, that he had been right, and had selected the most fruitful spot in the whole valley.

One morning, the last of September, Grant took his axe and started to go down to "the settlement," as they called the spot where their friends had located. He was going to do a day's work in return for one he had received from one of the settlers to assist him in log-rolling, something that he could not well do alone, and he would not be back until nightfall. As he was turning away from the door, his boy sprang from his bed and followed after him, begging him not to go; but with a kiss he bade him good-by, promising to return early, and then gave him into the hands of his mother who came out to receive him.

"Don't allow him long out of your sight to-day, Ruth. He may try to follow me," said the settler, glancing round for a moment as he walked rapidly away.

"Willie would never to do that," said the mother by the way of impressing upon his mind that he ought not to do it. "The woods are thick and dark, and Willie would be lost."

The child made no reply to this, but soon went about its play, apparently having forgotten its disappointment at the absence of its father, and Mrs. Grant went about her usual employment, only pausing now and then when she could not hear his voice to make sure that Willie had not strayed away from the vicinity of the cabin.

The forenoon passed quietly away, and after dinner Willie laid down upon the bed and soon fell asleep, sleeping until past the middle of the afternoon, when he awoke, and after playing on the floor for a short time, asked leave of his mother to go out to a little brook that ran only a short distance from the cabin. Mrs. Grant gave her consent, for she knew that the water was shallow, and that there was no danger of harm's coming to him, as he had often played there, and from the cabin door she could get every now and then a glimpse of him, so as to be assured that he had not disobeyed her injunctions and wandered away.

The work about the cabin completed, she seated herself near the open door, and was soon busily engaged in sewing on a garment she was making for her husband, and nimbly her fingers flew, for she wished to complete it before his return. Now and then she would look up to be assured that Willie was in sight, but the boy was apparently as busy as possible trying to dam up the waters of the brook, and at last she ceased to notice as to his whereabouts, giving all her energies to the completion of the garment over which her fingers were nimbly flying.

With the disappearance of the sun the last stitch upon the garment was taken, and folding it up, Mrs. Grant laid it carefully away; and then she suddenly remembered that she had not seen Willie or heard his voice for some time. Going to the door she looked towards the brook, following up and down its banks, but the boy was nowhere to be seen. She called him by name, but no answer came back to her anxious ear save the echo her voice had awakened among the cliffs. Again and again she called, with a like result, and then, filled with alarm, she hurried out to where she had last seen him.

She paused on the edge of the brook and looked up and down. Here were the prints of his little feet thick upon the white sand, and the work of his hands where the little dam crossed the stream, where he had labored so busily that afternoon; but further than this there was no trace of him to be seen, and although his name was called until the gray cliffs resounded with a dozen voices, the sound of his voice came not to her listening ears.

All at once she remembered the caution of her husband, and her heart smote her at this neglect of duty. What if Willie had attempted to follow him, and was lost in the woods! The thought was terrible, for was not the forest the home of wild beasts, by which he might be devoured? And even if he escaped, was not darkness fast coming on, which would hide him from their anxious search? Why had she not kept him by her side?

She ran back to the cabin, and a moment's glance assured her that he was not there nor about it, and she went hastily across the clearing to the bank of a large stream that came rushing down from one of the black gorges among the mountains. At this point her husband had crossed to go down to the settlement, and eagerly she scanned the sand that strewed the margin of the stream. There were her husband's footsteps plainly discernible at a point where he had sprung from rock to rock across the stream, and bending down she saw, in the fast fading light, the tiny footprints of a child mingled with them. Here was a trace, and again she called loudly his name, getting for an answer only the hoarse murmurs of the brook, and the wild echoes from the cliffs.

A close scrutiny of the margin of the brook revealed to the anxious mother, that the child had not attempted to cross the stream here, for its footprints could be dimly seen following it up as far as the sand extended, which was perhaps half a dozen rods. Here the banks were covered with small stones and leaves over which no trace had been left, but the mother doubted not but what he wandered up the stream, and was even now going further and further from her arms, and with a shudder she remembered that the gorge down through which the stream rushed, was celebrated for the wild beasts that were ever to be found there, and even now her darling might be in their power. Another patch of white sand lay before her, and eagerly the mother scanned its surface. The daylight was fast dying out, and the shadows of night creeping out from the gorge. A little longer and the darkness would be so dense that the way would be difficult, and the slight trail impossible to keep. But there it was yet, and she hurried onward, calling ever and anon his name which the dark cliffs hurled back to her as if in mockery.

Darker and darker grew the way, and narrower became the valley she was traversing. The high cliffs on either side came up nearer to the banks of the stream, and the last lingering trace of daylight was gone. But high on the western summits of the mountains the light of the moon lay while, as it rolled up into the clear sky, and before long it would be standing down into the gorge to light her anxious feet. There was no trail to follow now, but still she hurried on, ever calling his name that she might not pass him by in the gloom. That he was still above her, and going on in search of his father she did not doubt.

The further she advanced, the rougher became the way; and at last she saw through the gloom, that the cliffs before her came close up to the stream, to close that the water washed its base.

Willie, then, could go in this direction no further unless he crossed the stream—and if he had attempted that, might not she have passed his body lying beneath the dark water, that had robbed him of his life? The thought sent a chill to her heart—and once more she called his name—but the roar of the water over the rocks drowned her voice, and she hurried onward fearful of the worst.

Suddenly she paused as if turned to stone, motionless as the granite about her. A sight met her gaze that seemed to freeze the very blood in her veins.

On the summit of the cliff before her, on which the white moonlight had just begun to fall, lay crouched a huge panther, its tail moving cat-like to and fro, as if preparing to spring upon some victim beneath. At the first glance, Mrs. Grant had thought that she was the object of the monster's attention, but another showed her the form of her child standing close up to the cliff in the deep gloom, through which as yet the moonlight had not penetrated, and above the roar of the water she distinguished his voice as he called for his father.

For a moment only was Mrs. Grant frozen as it were to the earth, by the terrible danger that menaced both her and the child; the next, with a loud cry she sprang forward, and sinking on the ground clasped him in her arms, bidding him at the same moment not to stir for his life. She had heard that a panther would not attack its prey so long as it feigned death, or remained perfectly motionless—and this was her only hope of escape. To attempt to flee with Willie in her arms, she knew would be a signal for the monster to spring down upon them.

The panther, just ready to spring upon the child, had been disconcerted by the sudden appearance of another object, and for a few moments lashed its tail about its body in an angry manner; but at last it settled down into a new position, ready for a leap the moment there should be a sign of life below. That signal was not long wanted, for Willie, despite the caution of the mother, moved a little, and the monster prepared for the leap, but a moment later it sprang high in the air and came down almost upon them, with a bullet through its brain, while the sharp report of a rifle startled the echoes of the gorge, and the next minute Moses Grant caught his wife and child in his arms and thanked God that they were saved to him.

Going down again towards their home, he told her he had reached the cabin and found it empty; and then, alarmed by the sound of her voice, had grasped his rifle and hurried on, thankful to find that his coming had not been too late.

ONLY A GLIMPSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Only a glimpse of the real woman shining now and then through the crust of the drudge."
—*Gail Hamilton.*

How long my dreary lifetime seems,
And yet I am not old.
I never dared to stop my work to muse on bygone dreams,
For then my hands would tremble so, and all my frame grow cold;
I only shivered when I felt the sweetness of the Spring,
And forgot its dreamy languor and my fond imagining.
But sickness laid its hand on me
And tore my work away,
And now they all come back to me,
"The dreams" of yesterday."

Let me forget the toiling years,
To which I've blindly giv'n
My very life-blood, starved my soul, and quenched in bitter tears
The aspirations, angel-brought, and winged with gleams of Heaven.
Perhaps my work is ended. If I have labored well
This weary frame, these toiling hands—ah, He alone can tell.
How long it is since I have thought
How fair the sky would seem;
With what a pang those violets
Bring back my early dream.

How sweet the valley was in Spring
Haloed in hawthorn bloom;
How far the mountains seemed to me, a wild and wayward thing,
I thought their lines of purple light had touched the shores of doom;
I used to watch their fair white crowns gleam in the morning's blue,
And almost see the Summer Land their brightness shining through.
I never yet have cared to tell how I have longed to go
And look once more upon their heights of everlasting snow.
How oft their grand white radiance
My kindling pulses fired—
How can I bear to think of them—
I am so weak and tired!

I see the house beneath the elm,
A merry songful home.
Where is the band that gathered there?—to what far-distant realm
Have wandered from that happy vale the forms that used to come
About me in those April days, when toil, nor pain, nor care
Had veiled the brightness of my eye or dimmed my clost'ring hair?
Ah me! how many graves there are
Betwixt my now and then,
They slumber on the prairie,
By mountain, shore and glen.

One day—how strange upon my mind
Comes back its vanished grace—
I can see the tall grass wave again and feel the Summer wind,
Sweet with the scent of cherry blooms blowing in my face,
I can hear the song, the river song, along the old church wall,
And the low music of *his* voice go throbbing through it all.
Draw the curtain, shut out the light,
I am too tired to weep,
But let me on the tender tide
Of dreams drift into sleep.

MRS. M. E. CLARKE.

"Wild Writing."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ZIG.

"Pecuniary dependence is the only thoroughly dignified condition for women. In a renovated and millennial society all women will be supported by men—will have no more to do with bringing in money than the lilies of the field."

"I think the necessity of earning her own living is always a woman's misfortune."—*Gail Hamilton.*

Now, Mr. POST, I hope to be forgiven for saying it, but it appears to me that the above piece of composition is about the wildest specimen of the article "wild writing" that I've seen in a year. Wild writing! I should say it was. I don't think I've met the equal of it since the time I read a book explaining the prophecies, written by a man who called himself a "pantarch" or something, and owned up to having found, and also having in actual possession at that moment, "the key to unlock the trinitorial equation of all nature, being the harmonic quintessence of the Sun of Righteousness in the Latter Days," and a lot more of blessed highfalutin which the "angels and ministers of grace" themselves couldn't have put any sense into.

But the man who wrote it, like a sensible man, went crazy soon after.

Then there is some more of the article "wild writing" which also comes into my head as fitting to go along in this connection, and that's the story of a man ninety years old, who had lived and done well all that time, because he had scrubbed himself all over with a corn-cob every night for forty years! I suppose if he should scrub himself twice a day with a corn-cob, he would live to be a hundred and eighty years old.

One wouldn't of course presume to criticise a lady so wise and witty as Miss Gail, nevertheless, the wisest and wittiest of folks are most outrageously mistaken sometimes. Certainly I don't subscribe to that latter-day foolery about its being the bounden duty of every created being, man, woman, cat, dog, and donkey, to put in and earn his, her, and its own living, regardless of consequences, or whether there is any need of it or not. That doctrine—forgive me and let me quote Docsticks—that doctrine is "bigod nonsense." But where there *is* need that women should bring in money, they ought to do it, and do it bravely and cheerfully. And while the world stands, and there are women in it, there will always be the need to work, the Millennium and Miss Gail Hamilton to the contrary notwithstanding.

The truth lies here, as always and everlastingly, exactly in the middle between two extremes. The golden mean, in the question of woman's work, lies between the first extreme of her doing all the work, and the second extreme of her doing none of it. The first is the extreme of barbarism, pleasantly illustrated by those cheerful old times when women did every bit of drudgery in life, when the first duty of a bridegroom, on entering married life, was to mildly knock out three or four of his wife's front teeth, in token that she belonged to him, when the weaker sex—weaker, forsooth! ploughed, planted and hoed, and reaped and mowed, likewise gathered into barns, when they had any, while the lords of creation alternately amused themselves by killing one another and beating the women. That extreme is shown in real life to-day by the American Indian.

The second extreme appears to be what one might call the extreme of noodle-ism, where man earns all the money and hires all the work done, while the woman twirls her thumbs, and is "loved, petted, and indulged," and regarded in the light of either an angel or a fool, and I don't know which—but either of which is inconvenient for this world. This second extreme comes from the last remnant of the so-called age of chivalry, which, as regards woman, was simply a reaction against the previous barbarism. And the age of noodle-ism is no more than the last feeble shooting up and running to seed of the old notions of chivalry, cropping out like a hollow-hearted radish which throws out a prodigious great flaring top, and, top or bottom, is of no earthly account to anybody. Those are the two extremes between which something like the truth lies; the extreme of barbarism and the extreme of noodle-ism.

Big Injun tugs at one end of the rope, and Miss Gail Hamilton at the other. I don't know which pulls the hardest.

But I am sure that the time for both extremes is past, and I am glad of it. Everything has its day.

As to the golden millenial age when women will depend wholly on men for support, I hope to goodness it won't come while I live, nor until the whole race of men are revolutionized from the ground up, and toe-totally changed and made over. For Heaven knows there is masculine growling enough now, over feminine extravagance and feminine idleness. Very few men, comparatively speaking, are millionaires. And there are plenty of men already who grudgingly and stingily dole out the few dollars necessary to buy one pair of gaiters and two calico dresses a year—and it will be a sour and sorry sort of millenium if the number is going to be increased at that fearful rate.

"Oh I mun doy, I mun doy—
But I couldn't abear to see it."

Of course it is the first duty of the mothers of babies to attend to their little children. That is peculiarly the work of women with babies, and I am sure there is no better work in the world than that. If a mother brings up her children well, the service she renders to society cannot be measured by money; she certainly is doing her whole duty. But it ought to be distinctly understood and recognized, once for all, that such a woman earns her living and pays her own way in the world, just as much as her husband who keeps the grocery or tills the farm earns his living and pays his way in the world. So much for wives and mothers.

But when it comes to half a dozen old maids hanging like a mill-stone around the neck of one poor old man who can hardly keep his head above water without them,—I should like to be permitted to ask if *that* is the dignified condition of honorable dependence? Because I don't believe in it. I have such a case in my mind's eye now. The old gentleman has no sons, only a weak, silly wife, and a houseful of grown daughters. He is old and white-haired, but he works at day's work, harder than he did forty years ago. He owns a little home, that is all, and his daily wages as foreman in a large factory, just suffices to keep the family comfortably, without his being able to lay aside one cent for a rainy day. And what the women will all do when that poor old man dies, I don't know, and I don't think I care much, either. Those girls are the terror of the town with their gossip, which, for modest young ladies, is not always over delicate, I am sorry to say. They are, without exception, the most spiteful, narrow, empty-headed and empty-hearted creatures I ever saw in my life.

And that, so far as my observation goes, is what women run to, who have nothing to do. Rich women, of course, who have time, money, and taste to cultivate their minds, can fit themselves for refined and intellectual enjoyments which will crowd out all mean and petty feelings. But again, my observation tells me that the average woman does *not* cultivate her mind, and that it would be better in most cases, if the average woman learn a trade and work for her living.

Moreover, another consideration occurs to me just here, which is enough to appall the heart of the stoutest man in Christendom. The number of women in the civilized world is already larger than the number of men, and every year the census shows the excess of women to be increasing. Now if, as the finger of destiny points out, the crowd of women go on increasing at the same rate till the millenium, the number of honorable dependent women who, in that great day, will be quartered on the back of each poor man, is frightful to contemplate. I shudder at the thought, and my heart, though a hard one, melts within me in pity for those hapless men. So I hope the world will be warned in time.

The pleasantest, prettiest, funniest woman I know, is a lady who has helped her husband earn thousands of dollars. She is busy all day, and happy all day, happy as a bird, just because, years ago, she chose a work for herself, and has bravely and patiently wrought that work. That is infinitely better than to flitter one's life away doing nothing, and to grow narrow and discontented, and dyspeptic. So that, considered in its effect on the woman herself, it is certainly not a misfortune for her to earn her own living. Besides all that, I know from downright experience that, in a small way, there is no joy in life equal to the joy of spending money which you have earned yourself.

There is an inspiration in work. Aye! work itself is inspiration. It is a cure for trouble, and disappointment, and heart-ache. I am sure people would go crazy sometimes, in this tangled, bewildering world which nobody can understand, but for the blessed, blessed relief of plunging into work. It is the true Lethe of forgetfulness. I know I have found it so. And it is an angel of mercy, instead of a misfortune and a curse.

[NOTE.—We thought Gail Hamilton's article an excellent one—and we think Zig's also excellent. And we rather think that Gail and Zig do not differ very much after all.—*Editor Saturday Evening Post.*]

☞ The Rev. H. P. Cusick stands six and one-half feet high among the ministers of Maine. The Colby University graduated him. It is not true that the president of that institution remarked to the lad's father, whom he stated he wished to raise him for the church, that he would do better for the steeple. That joke is older than Mr. Cusick.

JUSTINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ELLA WHEELER.

"I'm going out of town, boys."

Handsome, dissipated, spendthrift Eben Rivers, leaned back in his chair, and sipped his champagne leisurely, while he waited for the opinions of his boon companions.

There were some half dozen young men, all with that *blase*, worn-out look upon their faces, gathered in Eben Rivers's room—and "having a night of it," as they expressed it. Eben was the most generous of hosts, and entertained his friends right royally. He kept the rarest of wines and champagnes; his rooms were luxurious, and nothing pleased "the boys" better, than a night in Eben's chambers. They had been gaming, betting lightly; and having grown weary of this amusement, had packed up the cards, and the wines had been brought in, when Eben made this announcement. Carl Lester set down his glass with an unsteady hand—for he was "half seas over" already, this slender, dandified young scion of an aristocratic family—and lifted his heavy eyes to Eben's face.

"Out of town!" he said, thickly. "What in the deuce is that for."

Eben looked at him scornfully.

"You are a pretty specimen of aristocracy," he said, with a curl of his handsome lip. "Carl, I'm ashamed of you."

"And who made me so," growled Carl, thickly. "I never drank two glasses of wine in my life, till I fell in with you. You're made me a sot, if I am one."

"That's a pretty way to treat a generous friend like Eben Rivers!" spoke up Frank Pierce, from the opposite side of the table. "He's invited you here, and treated you and the rest of us, to the best the house affords. He is'nt to blame, if you make a fool of yourself and get drunk."

"Oh let the idiot talk," cried Eben. "He's drunk; you can all see that, and don't know what he's saying. Fill up your glasses boys, and drink to my success in the country."

The glasses were filled, and drained again, and the flush deepened upon many a cheek, and an unnatural light shot into eyes that would be dull and heavy, as a penalty, for the next twenty-four hours.

"But what possesses you to go rusticating?" asked Tom Clinton. "Thought you were going to the Falls with our party. And now to go and bury yourself in the rural districts, is too bad.

Eben lighted a cigar and took a few whiffs, before responding.

"Well, you see," he said, "it won't be so much of a burial as it might be. Will Clithers, Dan Exeter, Miss Towne, and Miss Willis, are going down to Hilton, some twenty-five miles from here, to spend a couple of months—and I am invited to join the party. There is a young lady in the family where we are to stop, so there'll be just three couples of us."

"Ahs!" ejaculated Tom Clinton, lifting his arched eyebrows. "You are a lucky dog, Eb! Here we are, half a dozen of us, all packed for the Falls, hoping to catch a few smiles, from the few that Miss Willis bestows upon her many lovers; and now, low and behold, she slips off to the country—and you are invited to join the party. Well, I never did understand how you managed to get into the good graces of all the nicest girls. You have no more money than I have, and you are just as bad, for aught I see—at least you commit the same sins, and you are no better-looking—yet the girls that snub me, simper around you. I say you are a lucky dog, Eb."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know as I am to blame for it," Eben responded with an injured air. "I don't hide my sins—I come out in my true colors—and if they admire me, I can't help it."

"I believe that's just the charm!" laughed Tom. "Women seem to fancy the wicked one, and talk as much as you please about their purity and truth, I never yet found any encouragement from the fair sex, to reform and become a saint. As far as my experience goes, they prefer a taint of evil about a fellow."

"That's pretty nearly so," responded Eben. "If a man has money and position, I don't think they worry much about his morals. Anyhow, I've no reason to expect any woman to trouble herself about *my* morals. I've read a deal about black sheep like you and Tom—being reformed by some little saint—but the saints are getting scarce, I guess, or we are not in luck; for I haven't run across mine yet, and never expect to."

"Nor I," said Tom. "I suppose I shall live and die, what I am to-day."

And with this comfortable conclusion, the subject was changed; and soon after, the party broke up, each going his respective way, to seek the drunkard's sleep—for not one amongst them was sober—and to waken on the morrow with an aching head, heavy eyes, and a disordered stomach.

On the broad piazza at Hilton Place, three weeks later, sat two young people, a lady and a gentleman. The lady was tall and slender, with a fair, naughty face, and the air of a queen. Her long, yellow hair was arranged in the height of fashion, and her soft draperies fell about her in sweeping yet graceful folds. Every movement was full of subtle grace, as her two hands, like flakes of snow, fashioned a wreath out of leaves and grasses. It was Emma Willis, the belle of the season. The man, lounging in graceful idleness at her side, and talking pretty nothings, is Eben Rivers—and he bends his handsome, *blase*, blond face so near, as he watches the movement of her hands, that his hair brushes her cheek.

"Now what do you intend to do with that, after you get it completed?" he asks, looking up lazily, from her hands to her eyes.

"Going to crown a queen of beauty with it," Miss Willis answers.

"Then it is for yourself you are making it," looking at her with his handsome blue eyes, that ought not to have those wrinkles beneath them.

But Miss Willis does not see the wrinkles that dissipation has made; she only sees the enthralling blue eyes, and blushes slightly at the delicately worded compliment.

"No," for quite another person," she said, lightly. "There," holding it up, "is it not pretty? Justie, Justie Hilton, I want you." And in answer to her call, the slender figure of a young girl, hardly in her teens, came up from the garden and stood before Miss Willis. A dark-eyed, dusky-haired girl, with a pearly skin and a mouth like dewy rosebuds. Miss Willis stepped forward and placed the wreath upon her crisp, waving brown hair, and the young creature made a beautiful picture of youth and purity as she stood before them, her dark eyes drooping, her slender hands clasped before her. "There!" cried Miss Willis, exultingly. "Is she not the queen of beauty?"

Eben Rivers's blue eyes rested so long upon the girl's face that she flushed hotly beneath his glance, and turning, fled down the path again.

"What a lovely young thing she is!" he cried, turning to Miss Willis. "If she retains her beauty a few years longer, she will be a perfect Hebe. But she is so young, she may change entirely and become homely and unattractive. These country children are frequently pretty, but they generally grow up plain."

"She is a sweet little thing," Miss Willis responded. But she is so odd. A perfect little Quaker in her ideas. You should have seen her the other evening when she saw us at a game of cards. I heard her tell Clara, her sister, that she thought her visitors were very wicked people. Clara asked her why, and she said, 'because they all played cards and the young men drank *wine*.' She is very strict, I assure you, in her ideas of morality."

Miss Willis went up to her room a few moments later, and Eben arose and walked down to the gate. He was interested in this strange child, and wanted to seek her out. He found her down under a spreading maple tree, and seating himself on the grass at her side, began to draw her out. But the child regarded him with shy, distrustful glances, and would answer him only in monosyllables. She still wore the wreath that Miss Willis had woven, and he looked at her admiringly.

"You are very lovely beneath that wreath," he said, "and I would like to kiss you. May I?"

Justine shook her curling locks.

"No," she said, shortly.

"Not kiss you!" Eben exclaimed, "And pray why not?"

"I don't want you to."

"But why?" he persisted. "I saw you let that young farmer, John Culver, kiss you last evening when you stood at the gate. Why not let me as well?"

She lifted her dark, earnest eyes to his face.

"Because you are a bad man," she said, slowly. "John is a good man, and I am willing he should kiss me."

Eben Rivers's blonde face flushed clear to the temples.

"A bad man! What makes you think so?"

"Because you drink wine and play cards and swear, when you think no one hears you, and tell lies."

The amused smile died out of Eben Rivers's face as he listened to this child's earnest words, and a strange feeling of his unworthiness stole over him.

"What makes you think I tell lies?" he asked. "What reason have you to think I tell lies?"

"Oh! a great many," she said, frankly. "Do you want me to tell you?"

"Certainly—go on. I want to know it, if I am such a sinner."

"Well, I heard you tell Miss Willis that she was handsomer than any woman you had ever seen before—not just in those words, but it meant that—and you kissed her hand and looked as if you loved her very much. And then last night, when I was coming home from the village, I saw you kiss Hattie Tyler, the blacksmith's daughter, and heard you say, 'You are a perfect fairy; the loveliest little woman I ever saw.' I did not listen, but I was coming through the field, and you said it just as I passed the stile. I knew it was you by your voice, and I could see Hattie's red shawl in the moonlight. Now you cannot mean what you said to *both*, and so I think you are a bad man."

The hot blood was in Eben Rivers's face, and his white teeth held his under lip.

"Well, go on," he said. "Why do you think it is wrong to play cards?"

"Because men bet money and lose, and throw away their fortunes and get nothing in return. And the ones that win are no better than robbers. I never knew any very good men that played cards, and I don't believe in it any how."

Eben did not laugh at her earnestness. He only said:

"Go on. What have you to say against drinking a little wine? Your brother drinks."

The hot tears sprang into the girl's eyes, but she forced them back as she answered passionately:

"Yes, I know my brother drinks; and I remember when he did not drink, and how good and handsome and kind he was. But now he looks bloated and coarse, and he swears and is cross to me and to Winnie, and one night he came home from the city, where he had been drinking, and he struck Winnie and the baby, and hurt them, too. He never would have done that if he had not been drinking. Winnie told me then never to marry any man that drinks, and I never will. She said she knew that brother Charlie drank when she married him, but she thought there was no harm in it. But there is, and I know it makes men wicked. My father was a good man, and he never drank liquor or played cards; and Charlie never did till father and mother died."

Eben Rivers lifted his face from his hands, where it had rested some moments, and a strange look was in his blue eyes.

"Little girl," he said solemnly, more solemnly than he had spoken in years and years; "little girl, every word you have spoken to me is true. I *am* a bad, wicked man, and you do right not to let me touch your pure lips. But if there is a God in heaven I will be a better man hereafter. And, Justine, if I solemnly vow never to taste liquor again, never to play cards, never to swear, or tell lies, and if I keep that vow, will you let me kiss you one year from to-day?"

His face was fearfully pale now, and his dark blue eyes were deep and earnest. The girl lifted her pure young face and put her hand in his.

"Yes, Mr. Rivers, you may kiss me then if you can look me in the face and say, 'Justine, I have kept my vow.' And I will *pray* for you, Mr. Rivers, oh, I will *pray* so earnestly that you may keep it, and I want you to try hard to be good." She sped away to the house then, and left him alone.

Half an hour later, when he joined the merry company in Charles Hilton's spacious parlors, there was a look upon his face that no one in that house had ever seen before.

"I have been visited by spectres—haunted by ghosts, and woefully frightened," was all he would say in answer to their questioning. And so he had. For the ghosts of his many sins had risen up before him, and he was appalled at the sight.

Half a dozen young men, who have already been presented to you, were seated in Tom Clinton's rooms one crisp, keen winter evening six months later, drinking and smoking, after their usual fashion.

"It beats the deuce!" exclaimed Carl Lester.

"I can't see into it!" added Frank Pierce. "He can't be coaxed, hired, badgered, or driven into touching a drop of liquor, or laying his hand on a card. I never saw such a change."

"I tell you there's a woman at the bottom of it!" said Tom Clinton, philosophically. "Eb never swore off and turned teetotaler without a woman's putting him up to it. He's found his *saint* after all, I guess."

"But who can she be?" queried another.

"Not any girl in our set certainly. For I don't know *one* that objects to drinking. And I saw Miss Willis the other evening at her reception offer him a glass of wine, and really urge him to take it. I thought he could not refuse, but he did. You know at one time he would have broken his neck for her if she had asked him to. But he just bowed, and told her he had given up the use of wines, and turned away. I tell you what! that Rivers is a plucky fellow, or he never would have done that."

"Well, I'm sorry we've lost him; he was a jovial fellow, but he's no better companion now than a pine club," sighed Frank.

Carl Lester brought his fist down on the table till he set all the glasses to dancing.

"Well, I'm *glad!* deuced *glad!*" he exclaimed, "that *one* from among us has the courage to strike out and be a man; for we are going to ruin as fast as we can, I know *that*, and I'm not sorry that Eben has sworn off. I only wish *I* had the moral strength to do it."

One or two of his companions looked grave, but Tom Clinton raised a loud laugh.

"Why, Carl! you are quite an orator! Suppose you deliver a temperance lecture to-morrow night! Will you? I'll go around to-morrow and post up the bills if you will! Fill your glasses, boys, and drink to his success."

And while his old companions caroused the night away, Eben Rivers sat in the quiet office of an eminent lawyer closely applying himself to his books. He had studied law years before, but never with an intention of practice. Now he had entered the office again, and gone to work with a will. If he would be a victor in the great battle he was waging, and withstand the many temptations that were constantly put in his path, he found that he must not be an aimless idler, but must go to *work* and give himself something to think about. It was a hard task that he had set for himself, this breaking from the old habits, and putting off the coils that had bound him faster than he dreamed. Do you think he never wavered? Do you think it was a complete victory from the first? That the old haunts never allured him, and that he never stood upon the extreme edge of the precipice? God only knows of the fierce conflicts that were fought in his bosom. But one year from that eventful day that had changed the whole course of his life, Eben Rivers stood beneath the maple tree in Charles Hilton's garden, and looking in Justine's dark, earnest eyes, said gravely:

"I have kept my promise, Justine. I have not broken my vow. May I kiss you?"

And the angels never looked upon a purer kiss than that pressed upon the dewy lips of Justine Hilton.

"And now," he said, still holding her hand in his, "will you not renew the *league*, Justie? will you let me kiss you again one year from to-day, if I come to you and repeat those words?"

Justine—taller and with a fuller figure than when we last saw her—looked up archly.

"I don't believe in hiring you to be good!" she said, laughingly. "I want you to stand upon your own feet; and live a pure, noble life, for the sake of your own soul, and not for the sake of any promised reward. Besides"—looking down, and blushing beautifully—"I shall be fifteen next year at this time; *almost* a young lady; and may be it would not be quite—well—*proper*, you see!" And Justine closed her little speech with a merry, roguish laugh.

Eben looked admiringly at the flushed cheeks, and sparkling eyes.

"But I am your brother, you know," he answered gayly. "And a brother may kiss his sister, if she *is* a young lady, may'n't he?"

Justine confessed that viewed in that light, the proceeding would be very proper.

"And as for thinking of it as a *bribe*, I do no such thing. If I knew I should never see you again, never look upon your face, I should still pursue the path that you have pointed out to me. I should not go back to the old haunts, and the old habits, because there lies ruin and death, and I have found peace and light. I never was so happy in all my life, Justine, as I have been this past year. But I do not get much encouragement when away from you; and it *will* seem pleasanter if I can have this day and this one kiss from your pure lips, to look forward to. It is such a little boon, Justie! do you grant it."

"Yes, I grant it."

So Eben went back to the city and to temptation again, to fight through another year, and to be the victor. And not only to keep his own feet in the paths of rectitude, but to take Carl Lester by the hand and rescue him from a drunkard's grave. That was a fierce struggle. For Carl was weak, mentally and physically, and the habits he had formed had taken a mighty hold upon him. But Eben Rivers was not the man to say "despair;" and when he next stood under the maple with Justie Hilton, he told her of this other soul that had been saved through her instrumentality.

"For if you had never spoken those plain words to me two years ago," he said, "Carl and I should both be miserable sots."

Eben was silent a few moments, with his face buried in his hands. Then he looked up at Justine's pure face, and said, gravely—

"Justine, when I, a poor vain fool, was here two years ago, I flattered and praised a pretty young girl, a blacksmith's daughter. I had no aim, only to make her fancy me perhaps, and to see her doll-face beam. I have wondered since if she really cared for me—if I gave her any pain. What became of her?"

Justine smiled brightly—

"Oh, she *married* John Culver, last summer! I think she *did* fancy you, but she is not of the sentimental style, and John very soon filled the vacancy in her life. They are very happy."

People had grown to look upon Eben Rivers, the successful young lawyer, as an invincible bachelor. His boon companions of olden times were all married; even Carl Lester had taken himself a life companion, and settled down to domestic happiness. But still Eben plodded on alone, and his friends said, "Oh, he will never marry." But just five years from the day of all days in Eben Rivers's life, he listened to the solemn words of the marriage service, which gave into his keeping forever and ever till death should part, this good angel—his saint—Justine.

"To marry such a child!" the gossips said. But he was only thirty—and she eighteen. Not such a vast difference after all.

"I knew there was a woman in it," quoth Tom Carlton, when he heard the story of his old friend's love and marriage.

Mrs. Flockett's Family.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH

(AUGUST BELL.)

CHAPTER IV.

"Here's a Honolulu newspaper, mother," said Hobart, coming in the next day, stamping the snow from his boots, "I met one of my old messmates out here in the street, and he gave it to me."

A Honolulu paper! Mary started and turned pale.

"What date is it?" she asked.

"November first," answered Hobart, "pretty good specimen, isn't it, mother? very creditable to the cannibals!"

Mrs. Flockett was turning it over curiously.

"Why, I don't see but it looks about as well as our Daily Star! Only to think—come all the way from that savage island! Here, Mary, my eyes are so poor I can't read it—you read to me while I draw out these bastings."

So Mary took the paper, glancing over it rapidly and eagerly, reading here and there items about the whaling vessels, the seal trade, island politics, new houses erected, and so on. Suddenly her voice was still, and Hobart, glancing at her, saw the sheet trembling in her hands, and her face pale with emotion.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Flockett. "If it's about a suttee or any such thing, read it right out, Mary; I want to hear. Why, child, you look just ready to cry!"

Mary laid the paper down, with tears in her eyes.

"I find the notice of a friend's death there, and it is so unexpected," she said, and immediately left the room.

"Well, now, poor thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Flockett. "I wonder who it can be, away off in those regions. Do take the paper and read me the deaths, Hobart."

"There are only two," said Hobart, turning to the list, "one an old man of eighty, and the other a young girl, 'Jessie Millett, aged seventeen!'"

Meanwhile Mary, hastening up-stairs, bowed herself beside her bed with mingled grief and bitterness.

"O, God help me!" she said. "My darling, darling Jessie, my pretty flower, come to death by that murderer, and I let him go on his way unchecked! I am a wicked coward. Poor Hetty, poor Hetty, the blow must fall to-day, I must speak to-day, heaven helping me!"

As the afternoon wore on, Hetty Flockett, sitting in Mrs. Mossie's work-room, looked up more and more frequently from the blue silk she was stirring to the little clock that told the time off, tick by tick. The other girls exchanged knowing glances, for it was no secret in the establishment that when Hetty waited for an escort, handsome Will Chiselhurst seldom failed to appear, and not one of them would have been sorry to stand in her place, there was such a glamor in his bright smile and deferential greeting. It was already dark when Hetty heard his ringing step, and in a moment more he entered the store, and after a few courteous words to Mrs. Mossie, turned to the girls' corner and said:

"Do you work so very late to-day, Miss Hetty?"

"Only ten stitches more," answered Hetty, bending over her work with a glowing blush and smile, "and then I am going home."

He leaned on the show-case watching her as she worked. But before the ten stitches were taken the store door again opened, and Mary Lisle entered hurriedly, with pale face and excited manner.

"I have come to walk home with you, Hetty," she said. Hetty looked annoyed, and the girls tittered. "I was afraid I should not get here in time," Mary continued, and then turning with her unveiled face and steady eyes she confronted Will Chiselhurst.

He started violently, and a look of absolute terror flew over his face like a lightning flash, and was gone, but Hetty saw it.

"Is it Mary Lisle or her ghost?" he exclaimed. "I beg your pardon," he added with ready courtesy, "for being startled by so fair a face, but you ought to be thousands of miles away, you know, Miss Lisle."

"I suppose I ought," said Mary quietly, "but since I am here, I have a word for you from the island, Mr. Chiselhurst."

She left it to him to make the interview, and he did it easily enough.

"I think we shall have time," he said, taking out his watch, "for a turn around the square before Miss Flockett's pretty work is quite finished and put away. I find your friend an old acquaintance," he added apologetically to Hetty, "and one has a good many questions to ask in such a case."

So saying he bowed, and passed out from the store with Mary Lisle, into the evening darkness.

"Well, did I ever!" exclaimed Mrs. Mossie, and the girls agreed that they never did, and then lost themselves in a bauble of speculation.

"Suppose he's her husband and she's come to claim him," said one pale girl in tragic tones; but at this Mrs. Mossie stopped the conversation. Hetty said not a word, but finished her work to a nicety, put it slowly by, and then prepared herself to go home with the utmost leisure. She had a brave look in her eyes, she meant to stand up for Will Chiselhurst whatever happened.

Slow as she was in putting on her things, she was obliged to sit down and wait before any one came back for her, and when after twenty minutes of this waiting the door opened again, it was Mary Lisle who entered alone. Hetty joined her at once; she would not stop for questions there, to feed the curiosity of the girls, but as soon as they were out upon the sidewalk, seeing at a glance that Mr. Chiselhurst was not there, she said petulantly:

"What in the world is the matter, Mary, and where's Will?"

"Oh, Hetty, Hetty!" said Mary with a quivering voice, forcing the girl along with her, "I do not think he will ever try to see you again, for he knows what I shall tell you about him. He is a bad, wicked man, Hetty. Oh, you must not care, you must not mind, you never must see him again!"

"That you cannot prevent!" exclaimed Hetty defiantly. "Tell me any stories you like, Mary Lisle, I have heard them all before, and know the truth better than you do. I suppose my mother has sent you here—"

"She knows nothing about it," interrupted Mary. "That he has been bad from his youth I verily believe, but this is no old story of his sins. It is what he did in Honolulu."

"In Honolulu!" exclaimed poor Hetty. "How do you know what he did in Honolulu?"

"I was there," said Mary Lisle firmly. "Yes, you may stare at me, Hetty, but I lived in Honolulu before I came here, and only landed at Gloster two days before I reached your house. It was last spring, and among other ships, the whaler St. Ann came into harbor, and was there a month. She had to be unloaded, repaired and then loaded again with her cargo, and there were always some of the sailors ashore every day. Mr. Chiselhurst was in that ship, you know, and he had nothing to do but spend his time as he chose. It was soon known that he drank fearfully, but his handsome face and gay, easy manner made him to some degree popular, and half the girls there thought they were in love with him. There was one, the dearest, sweetest girl, almost a child, the dearest friend I had on the island, and she—Oh, Hetty, how can I tell you?"

"You needn't," said Hetty doggedly.

"I must!" replied Mary nerving herself. They had by this time turned into a darker, more unfrequented street, and here, unnoticed as they walked slowly on, she told the sad, sad story so often heard in the world, and made even worse and more bitter in this case by things which Hetty in spite of herself shivered to hear. Mary finished with—

"But, oh, Hetty, I did not know how terribly, how fatally it had ended, till I saw Jessie's death to-day in a Honolulu paper, and Will Chiselhurst is her murderer!"

Hetty said not a word at first, not till they came in sight of the candlelight streaming from Mrs. Polly Flockett's shop window. Then she broke away from Mary, exclaiming passionately.

"Why do you tell me such things? He is no saint, but people always make him out worse than he is. And it is very strange you should not have told us before that you came from Honolulu! Besides if every word were true, and he came back to me to-morrow I would forgive him!"

Poor Hetty! it was the cry of a creature driven to bay. She darted by Mary into the house, and went quickly through the kitchen and up stairs. Mary much disturbed entered slowly and lingered at the door fastening, fearing she might be questioned. Mrs. Flockett who sat sipping her tea, called out, "So you've come, Mary! Is it snowing? I asked Hetty, but she went by like a flash. George and Hobart have had their supper and gone. Hobart is going back to his vessel to-morrow, I'm sorry, for I wanted you to see more of him. Neil Nye was in here just now and I told her you and Hobart were just cut out for each other."

"O, no, that could never be!" said Mary softly, as she came forward and took off her cloak by the fire. Then she stood looking at Mrs. Flockett wistfully.

"Why don't Hetty come down?" asked the mother uneasily, "I don't like to have her stay up there in the cold so long."

"I'll go and see," said little Janie, who loved errands, and in a few minutes she came back saying that Hetty had a headache and didn't want to be disturbed, and was going right to bed.

"What's the matter with the girl now!" exclaimed Mrs. Flockett, "I wonder if she hasn't caught cold wearing those thin shoes. I knew she would. I'll make a bowl of thoroughwort tea to take up to her. Do sit down and eat your supper, Mary! You don't think it's anything worse than a cold, do you, child—you don't think Hetty's got anything on her mind?" She lowered her voice as she said the last words, and came close to Mary, looking at her keenly.

"I think she is tired and nervous, said Mary, troubled how to reply with those anxious motherly eyes fixed upon her.

"Because," said Mrs. Flockett with a worried tone, "George told me something to-night he'd heard at the shop. I only hope there ain't a word of truth in it, but I'm going to put a stop to this running out nights."

Poor mother Flockett, too late with your carefulness, you did not know the trouble already wrought, and that your bright, wilful Hetty was suffering the first agonies of a broken heart, hid away in the little chamber up stairs.

It was not a lively evening in the old-fashioned kitchen. Mrs. Flockett was unusually silent, and made blunders every few minutes over the straw braids she was sewing. When she spoke it was only to tell some strange, sad, old tale of calamities that had befallen people she knew in her youth. Some instinctive pride seemed to warn her against talking any more about Hetty. Little Janie sat quietly on the floor by the fire, with her kitten in her lap, and playing with a handful of scarlet beans that her uncle Harry gave her when he was home last. A slight frown came upon Mary's pretty brow, as with a roll of crimson ribbon in her lap, she busied herself making bows for some custom-work. "Red is the color of danger," Hobart had said that afternoon when he found her at the same work. The loud ticking of the old clock became oppressive to her, and she started when every now and then a mouse scampered noisily between the rafters. It was a relief when Hobart's step was heard in the entry. But even he did not come in quite so cheerfully as usual, and he sat rather soberly before the fire, perhaps thinking how soon he must leave home again. Mrs. Flockett watched him. There sat Mary, not a yard distant, looking so fair and womanly and true, but he did not seem to notice her; even when his eye rested on her, it was not as if he thought of her. He did not think of her, and neither did Mary think of him. She was anxious about Hetty, and anxious about affairs of her own.

An hour later, in the dark little room up stairs, she crept into bed by Hetty's side, and asked her if she were awake.

"Yes," said poor sleepless Hetty, "what do you want."

"O, Hetty, I am so sorry," she whispered, "but you believe it is true what I told you, *don't you?*"

"I don't know," replied Hetty drearily," I don't think I care about it very much any way, I suppose you are shocked, but I can't help it!"

Mary was at her wit's end what to say next, while her heart yearned over the girl who was wayward even in her grief, and

could not be soothed and comforted as some can. Hetty would have to fight it out in her own way, and it would be better for her to know the worst at once Mary thought. And so she said:

"Hetty, you will not see him any more, he will not dare to meet you, he does not care enough for you to risk my telling this story to others, as I threatened to do. He gave you up easily enough when I told him the conditions!" It was true. Will Chiselhurst had no fancy that the scandal of his Honolulu life should reach the ears of his family, and in another direction too he had no desire that it should spread.

To Mary's remarks Hetty made no answer, till at last turning her head away wearily she said:

"You do not know what it is to love any one, Mary!" There was a little pause, and then,

"O, Hetty!" said Mary, "I *do* know, I am married, I have a husband!"

CHAPTER V.

The days and weeks wore by, the winter was a thing of the past, the trees were out in their tender new foliage, and the mosses that grew on Mrs. Flockett's roof looked greener and more velvety than ever before. There was not much change within doors, except a new stock of light straws in the bow-window, and spring ribbons in the show-case. The millinery part of the establishment was doing finely and bringing in money under Mary Lisle's supervision. She had had some practice before she came away from Honolulu, it was the way she had earned her living there.

"I never was so beat in all my life," Mrs. Polly Flockett said over and over, "as when I first heard that our Mary came from that cannibal island! You might have knocked me down with a feather!"

For it was known by all the family now that Mary came from Hawaii, and that she was married.

"Yes, married to a sailor," Mrs. Flockett told all who asked, "the best business under the sun, and the bravest. And he's coming for her when his voyage is made. I don't ask her any questions, because she seems kind of sensitive about it, being alone so, but she's as good as gold, Mary is, and she's written to him to come straight here when he reaches port."

It was Hetty who had first told this great secret, which Mary indeed no longer wished to keep. A few days after the conversation in our last chapter, Hetty came in from her day's work pale and listless, and found Nell Nye chatting with her mother in the kitchen, while Mary had gone out on some errand. They were talking about Mary as it happened, and Hetty came in just as Nell was saying,

"I don't like her so well as I did at first, there's something about her I can't make out. I believe she's deep."

"Nonsense, Nell," said Mrs. Flockett heartily, "I've watched her day in and day out, and she's a right down good girl. To tell you the truth I want to see my boys well settled, and I've picked Mary Lisle out for Hobart, and *you* know who I've picked out for Harry!"

Nell tossed her little head, but before she could speak, Hetty astonished them.

"Picked Mary out for Hobart, have you, mother?" she exclaimed with a curt little laugh, "Mr. Lisle would hardly thank you for robbing him of his wife. Mary is a married woman already!"

There was a moment's amazed pause, and then a torrent of questions from Nell, who, strangely enough, after she had heard what little Hetty could tell, turned quite around, and whereas before she had blamed Mary, now she took her part.

"Poor girl," she said. "Well, there, I knew she had a secret, and now it's out! I dare say he's a worthless fellow, and she has to do the best she can. Here she came, not knowing a soul of us, nor how long she would stay, and I don't blame her for not wanting to talk over all her troubles to strangers!"

"I don't know but you're right, Nell," said Mrs. Flockett when she could speak, "and I don't know that I ought to feel disappointed. I can't say that she told any lie about it, she never called herself *Miss* Lisle, it was plain Mary Lisle. Well, if she don't want to talk about it, girls, we won't make her, but I am glad we know the truth."

"Here she comes!" cried little Janie, who sat in the window seat, feeling as if she were in the midst of a true real fairy story.

So when Mary entered she was greeted with exclamations and a few sly jokes, and Nell Nye made a profound curtsey, saluting her as *Mrs. Lisle*, but she was not probed with questions, nor forced to make explanations. Only little Janie's eyes were sharp enough to see that when they called her Mrs. Lisle she started as if she would speak, but in a moment seemed silently to acquiesce, and let them call her as they would.

"I wonder if that is truly her name," thought shrewd little Janie, hoping inwardly that it was not, for then there would be more chapters in this actual fairy story.

So it became one of the settled household facts that Mary was married, that she had lived in Honolulu with her father till he died, and then had supported herself by a little millinery work. That then, Mr. Lisle, a sailor, had fallen in love with her and married her, just as he was about to ship for a long voyage, directing her to take passage at once in a vessel bound for Gloster, the port which his own ship would seek when homeward bound from her much greater wanderings. So far all were agreed, but about Mr. Lisle they differed, Nell maintaining that he was some poor worthless fellow, while Mrs. Flockett was sure he was good and true, and a man to be proud of.

All this had been in the winter, and now it was late in April. Sailors' families are never without cause for anxiety, and Mrs. Flockett had not heard from her favorite Harry, her darling sailor boy, for months. A grayish look of care was settling down in her face, making her look still older. Neither had Mary Lisle received any ship letter, but she kept up good courage, for she said there were so many letters lost coming, and she had known a captain's wife, who out of a hundred letters written by her husband during a three years' voyage, had only received one! Nell Nye was in excellent spirits, darting in and out like a little humming bird. She and Mary were the best of friends, and taking the girls together they were "a trio of sisters," Nell gayly said.

But Hetty, the third of the trio, how was it with her? Hetty had acted like a heroine all winter; she had gone to and from her work at Mrs. Mossie's store regularly every day without flinching, had borne the mocking innuendos of the girls, had borne the horrible aching in her heart, as she walked home alone in the dreary twilight, evening after evening, starting at first at every step, thinking that perhaps Will Chiselhurst would overtake her, or would meet her at some corner. But he never came. After awhile she wrote him a little note, but he never answered it. He kept his part of the agreement with Mary Lisle perfectly; in fact, as he thought to himself, he could not have kept up the flirtation with Hetty forever anyway, and he had special reasons for wishing that no ugly stories might get out about him just now. So Hetty fought it out alone. One day she saw him coming rapidly towards her, and thought he would certainly speak, but he passed her hurriedly with a slight bow. Hetty looked after him, and saw a stylish phaeton coming along the street, drawn by two black ponies, and driven by a strikingly handsome young lady, who, with rather a dashing air, drew up close by the pavement. Will Chiselhurst sprang into the phaeton by her side, chirruped to the black ponies, and away they sped.

"It is Laura Chiselhurst of Poplar Hill," thought Hetty to herself, and she remembered how she had from time to time heard it said that this girl, who was heiress to immense wealth, was "dead in love" with her fascinating cousin—he was in reality a third cousin—but that her father had forbidden her to even speak to him. But now, as it seemed, this ban was removed.

Hetty did not tell even Mary what she had seen, but after this she drooped a little, and Mary, who watched her anxiously, often longed to speak some word of comfort, but could not, for Hetty seemed to know instinctively when sympathy was coming, and repelled it by suddenly breaking out into her old gayety, a laugh, a jest, or song. Mrs. Flockett never seemed to notice anything unusual. She was satisfied as long as she had Hetty at home evenings, and if she guessed at any trouble, she kept her thoughts locked up in her mother-heart, thinking maybe that girls' troubles wear out better unnoticed.

One evening they were all sitting around the tea table except George, who was late. At last they heard his step.

"Well, I'm glad he's come," said Mrs. Polly Flockett. "A man always brings the news or something to talk about, if it's ever so little. A house full of women only is forlorn. Well, George, what's the news?"

"Good news, mother," said George in his deliberate fashion. "The 'Albatross' is in with a full cargo of oil, and I've been down to the dock to see her."

"Any news from the 'Wild Wave?'" asked Mrs. Flockett eagerly.

"Yes, she hailed her in January, away up North in the Pacific. They had about half a cargo, said they'd had splendid luck, and if it kept on, they'd come home by July certain."

"Why didn't Harry send a letter?" asked Hetty.

"Didn't have a minute to write one in, but sang out to the mate to give his love to all at home, and to say Bob Lisle was along with him."

They all glanced at Mary, who was rosy red and looking beautifully happy.

"That's your husband, Mary," said Mrs. Flockett in surprise. "Why didn't you tell us Mr. Lisle was aboard the 'Wild Wave?'"

"I did not know it myself," said Mary, looking puzzled. "He shipped on the 'Sally Martin.'"

"Well, I am so thankful we've heard something at last," exclaimed Mrs. Flockett. "I feel as if a great burden was taken off my shoulders. Why, only think, Mary, your husband and Harry will get here together!"

"Yes," said Mary in a flutter of blushes.

The good news gave them happy talk enough for an hour as they sat round the hearth together, for it was not yet warm enough to dispense with the evening fire. At length Mrs. Flockett subsided a little, and asked if there was any news about home.

"Well, yes," said George, staring at the red coals. "They say Will Chiselhurst is going to marry his cousin Laura next month."

"So I have heard," said Hetty quietly. "They have been seen together a great deal lately."

"Birds of a feather flock together!" said Mrs. Flockett dryly. "She's just the one for him, from all I've heard, and the same bad blood runs in both their veins, so they can't complain of each other. Now I suppose the old lady Chiselhurst will die satisfied!"

That was all that was said about George's last bit of news. But from that evening Hetty grew more like her old self. Her proud spirit came to her aid, and she was young and strong, and to her surprise she felt the old buoyancy coming back into her heart with the glad Spring days. She had suffered enough, and now her brave nature rebelled and resumed its sway. Nature was not going to let Hetty be broken-hearted.

CHAPTER VI.

A brisk May shower had suddenly started up on a sunny day, and was dashing in torrents against the windows. Mrs. Polly Flockett was hurrying about and calling Janie to bring pans to put under the leaks. Hetty came running down stairs, her dark hair flowing over her pretty shoulders, all in *dishabille*.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, "I can't stand it any longer! The rain has got into the closet among my dresses. When *are* you going to have our old roof mended?"

"O, dear me," said Mrs. Flockett placidly, "never mind, child, George will put it in order some day when he has time."

"Mary's dresses will get all wet too, I expect," continued Hetty impatiently. "Where *is* Mary, mother?"

"Lor, child, she's gone to the post-office. She went before it began to rain, and she'll get all wet through if she don't stop in somewhere."

"Here she comes!" cried Janie from her customary watch-tower in the window seat. And in came Mary, dripping wet to be sure, but looking as if she had gathered all the lost sunshine of the day into her face and eyes.

"Here's a letter for you, mother," she said joyously.

"Why, it's Harry's writing!" almost shrieked Mrs. Flockett, tearing it open. "O, my boy, my boy! Here, read it to me, Hetty, tell me what he says."

"It's from Gloster, mother!" exclaimed Hetty as she took it, and read:

"DARLING MOTHER—Ship's in, and we're all coming down to-morrow, Hobart and Bob Lisle and I. Hurra! Your boy, HARRY."

"He's coming! he's safe! the Lord be thanked!" said Mrs. Flockett, sinking into a chair. "Did you get word from your husband, Mary?"

"Just a line," said Mary, holding it tight in her hand, "it says the same as your letter."

"Why, mother," exclaimed Hetty suddenly, "to-morrow is to-day! They'll all be here before night! I must rush right up-stairs and dress. What a blessed thing it is that Mrs. Mossie's work is slack this week!" And away she ran.

"Dear me, I don't know what to think!" said Mrs. Flockett, "There's cold meat and cake in the house, and there's that chicken Mrs. Nye sent over. Why, Mary, how nice you look now you've got your waterproof off! You won't need to dress up a bit, you couldn't make yourself look any prettier."

"O, mother!" said Mary coming over to her side in deep emotion, "you do love me, don't you? I want to hear you say it again before they come!"

"Yes, indeed I do!" said Mrs. Flockett, laying her hand fondly on the fair young head, "I love you just as well as if you were my own child!"

"The sun is breaking all out again," cried little Janie, "and I see three men coming round the corner! One of them is uncle Hobart."

Hetty flew down stairs. She had tossed her hair into a net the quickest way she could, and put on a little scarlet jacket, and looked ten times more picturesque and bewitching than if she had been as elaborately attired as a court lady.

"They're coming!" she exclaimed, and even as she spoke the door opened, and in they came, Hobart, and two bronzed men, handsome and stalwart as sea-vikings. One was seized by Mrs. Flockett and Hetty, embraced and cried over, while Mary, sobbing and laughing all in a breath, was kissed by the other who said fondly, "Darling little Sis!" Then Harry turned and took Mary in his own arms.

"My mother had the first kiss," he said, "but my wife shall have all the rest!" And Mary hid her happy face from sight upon his shoulder.

"Why, what in the world are you about, Harry!" cried Mrs. Flockett in dismay, "That is Mary Lisle! Pray, excuse him, Mr. Lisle, I think his head is turned!"

"Mary Lisle! No, mother, she's Mary Flockett," said Harry exultantly. "So you haven't told them yet, little mate? I knew my wife could keep a secret. She had her orders, mother. I told her to come here, without your knowing who she was, so you should all fall in love with her beforehand, and I wanted the bit of fun and romance too. Yes, mother, Mary's my true and lawful wife, married to me just before the Wild Wave left Hawaii. You've got your marriage lines somewhere among your traps, haven't you, Mary?"

Here Hobart who had been standing in the background enjoying the scene, quietly slipped away unnoticed by all but Janie, who was ecstatically watching every new turn in the wonderful true fairy story.

"But who—who—who—is Mr. Lisle?" demanded Mrs. Flockett, looking at the stranger with a sort of horror as if she thought poor Mary was guilty of bigamy.

"O, I'm only her brother Bob!" said the handsome young fellow frankly. "I got a chance to change ships and thought I'd come and see my sister."

Hetty broke into a peal of merry laughter as she comprehended the situation, and Robert Lisle looked at her with a flash of admiration in his eyes. It struck him that she was a great deal prettier than Mary.

Hetty ran and kissed Mary warmly, "You are my darling, darling little sister," she said, "and I loved you from the first, didn't I!"

"Haven't you a word for me too, mother?" pleaded Mary, going to Mrs. Flockett's side, and taking her passive hand.

"Well, well, I can't seem to realize," said the poor old lady slowly, "But if it is so, why, so it is to be, I suppose, and you're a good girl, Mary, and will be a good wife. So Joe Lisle was your father, after all? He was the best of the family I always thought. But there! I declare I'm so beat, I don't know what I am saying! and you're Harry's wife, are you, dear? Then here is my blessing for Harry's wife!"

And she laid her hand softly on Mary's hair, and kissed her brow.

At last, the grand excitement over, they settled down into the perfect joy of being all together again, asking and answering all sorts of questions, and Harry began to spin some of his wonderful yarns, which made Hetty's gleeful laugh ring out more than once, to the utter demolition of Robert Lisle's peace of mind.

"My chest and traps will come to-morrow," said Harry, "and then you will see what I have brought you all. What do you say to a great green parrot that can talk three languages, little Janie?" And he smiled at the delighted child who was sitting in perfect content on Robert Lisle's knee.

"Where's Hobart?" asked Hetty suddenly, "Now that's a shame! We've forgotten dear old Hobart! where has he gone?"

"He went off down street," said little Janie, and running to her window she looked out, and almost immediately announced.

"He's coming now, aunt Hetty, and bringing Nell Nye with him!"

"O, dear! O, dear!" groaned Mrs. Flockett, "What *will* Nell Nye say? Poor girl! She's always set so by you, Harry, and I did think she'd maybe be my daughter in-law some day!"

"And so she will, mother!" exclaimed Hobart entering just in time for the last sentence, and drawing Nell Nye, who was in a charming confusion, after him. "Nell's going to be my little wife! I have loved her ever since she was a little school-girl with her hair in long braids!"

Little Janie was perfectly beside herself at this new chapter in the fairy story.

The old kitchen walls echoed and re-echoed with exclamations, kisses, and congratulations. Mrs. Polly Flockett had to sit down and cry, her heart was so full to overflowing, she said.

"And didn't I mislead you well!" said Nell Nye gleefully, "asking over and over if you had heard from Harry, when I only wanted to hear about Hobart. Of course, I never meant to marry anybody but dear old Hobart! We should have been engaged before now, if you hadn't made me jealous, telling me he and Mary were going to make a match, and telling him I had love letters from Harry, which was no such thing!"

"Well! man proposes, and God disposes!" said Mrs. Flockett wiping here yes; "and I don't know but things have been managed for me better than I could have managed them myself!"

For all answer Harry clasped his wife in his arms, and Hobart looked happily at Nell who slipped her little hand in his. The glad May day was drawing to a close, and the setting sun called back his beams from one corner after another, leaving longest those which lingered on Bob Lisle and Hetty, who stood at the West window, somewhat shyly, getting acquainted.

Darkness might settle down upon the outside world, but its gloomy wings were to hover no more over the hearts of any of Mrs. Flockett's family.

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ Never water a weed.

☞ It is said every sigh is a prayer. What are the *yawns?*

☞ There are about 400,000 Scandinavians in the United States.

☞ Niagara Falls is to be the popular summer resort this season.

☞ More bricks are made in Philadelphia than in any other city in the world.

☞ Two cargoes of oysters have been shipped from New York to London, for seed.

☞ At South Bend, Indiana, one Jacob Methusaleh died of laughter, recently, at some droll story told him by a friend.

☞ They give about ten dollars worth of food a week to the swans, ducks, and deer, in the public parks of Boston.

☞ One of the leading industries of Delaware is matchmaking—not matrimonial but sulphur or phosphorous ones.

☞ A town in Ohio, complaining of being overrun with rats, is recommended to introduce the Chinese.

☞ The damage to the planting interests by the floods in the Mississippi has been very great. All the lowlands have been overflowed.

☞ The Toms River Courier says over six hundred acres of land in Dover, Manchester township will be planted with cranberry vines this season.

☞ In Wickford, Rhode Island, two boys, aged eight and six years, were killed by falling in an old cave, near which they were playing.

☞ William H. Burleigh, one of a whole family of poets and speakers, died in Brooklyn on the 18th ult., in the 59th year of his age.

☞ Two men in an iron foundry at Lowell, Mass., recently quarrelled, when one threw the contents of a ladle full of melted iron at the other, burning him terribly.

☞ A terrific tornado recently occurred at St. Clair county, Illinois, destroying over twenty farm-houses, outbuildings, trees, and fences, near Lebanon, and killing one man and two women.

☞ It is said that Theodore Tilton is the author of "Shoo, Fly." At least he wrote a poem called the "Fly," and the subject is the same. "Shoo, Fly," *ought* to have a responsible author.

☞ The Archduchess Sophia, mother of Francis Joseph of Austria, is declared to be a monomaniac on the subject of dress. She spends most of her time in her private apartments trying on gowns.

☞ A young lady, aged 27, of London, England, has recently sued an old man of 75, for breach of promise of marriage. The venerable defendant is a widower, whose youngest child is more than 40 years old.

☞ The fine elm trees around the church in which Shakespeare is buried at Stratford-on-Avon, have been felled and sold. Their decayed state rendered it necessary to cut them down.

☞ Since 1800 no fewer than thirteen daily papers have been started in San Francisco, but one of which is still published. The amount of money sunk in these enterprises is estimated at from $800,000 to $1,000,000.

☞ Hartford is about to take active measures to raise the requisite funds for a monument to Dr. Horace Wells, of that city, whose claim to honor as the discoverer of anæsthesia is now said to be recognized everywhere but in Boston.

☞ The latest intelligence from London, is to the effect that "the Queen gave an order that the pocket-handkerchief to be worn by the Princess Louise, on the occasion of her marriage, was to be manufactured of Honiton lace."

☞ The last form of Poor Carlotta's insanity is her determination to speak nothing but Spanish. As none of her attendants can understand her, their apparent neglect and disobedience throw her into new paroxysms.

☞ The Delaware was never so full of fish as at the present season. Rockfish, perch, and catfish, are taken in immense quantities—and the prices in consequence are very low. An immense catch of shad is anticipated.

☞ A ghost attired in red instead of the traditional white, has appeared, it is said, in a country town of Pennsylvania. Its favorite resort is the jail yard, where a murderer was recently executed. Of course it is visible only by night.

☞ Through a misplaced switch on the Morris and Essex Railroad, near the Bergen tunnel, a serious collision was occasioned, by which an engineer and fireman will most likely loose their lives. The loss to the rolling stock is estimated at $20,000.

☞ The Boston Post tells of a man in Troy "who left a boarding-house just because a rat bit off his ear. When people get to be that particular about trifles, they ought to quit boarding and go to keeping house."

☞ The salt meadows, lying between Newark and Elizabeth, were set on fire recently by the owners, according to custom. The fire extended a distance of several miles, and during the evening the sky was brightly illuminated.

☞ The Food Journal says that the sacrifice of horse property during the siege of Paris was terribly severe upon its its owners. All horses in private hands were taken without distinction as they were wanted. A splendid English stallion worth $5,000, brought its owner about $125.

☞ The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has recently placed elegant new cars on the Lancaster train, Captain Hambright and J. W. Michael conductors. These cars are provided with gas for illumination, the new patent steam heating apparatus, and the famous Westinghouse air brakes.

☞ At the beginning of the Franco-German war two barbers in Temesvar, Hungary, agreed to commit suicide if the French should be conquered by the Prussians. They were as good as their word. At the news of the surrender of Paris both blew their brains out, leaving a letter which ended with "*Vive la France.*"

☞ MIND YOUR STOPS.—Just now they are having a joke on a compositor who set up the toast, "Woman—without her, man would be a savage," and got the stops in the wrong place, and produced: "Woman, without her man, would be a savage." They say that his wife, who was helping read the proof, discovered the mistake.

☞ The instance of the baggage-master who lost his sight by a daily reading upon his route for years is only too common, in a relative degree. The constant motion of the body, though very slight, makes the effort of the eye to follow the line very severe and weakening. And yet there is hardly a business man in the city who takes a car of any kind or carriage without running over an entire newspaper or magazine in the worst of type.

☞ A SHREWD TRICK.—At Binghamton a favorite mode of winning "the drinks" is for a sharper to bet with a countryman that he can stand an egg on end "right out on the floor," and the stranger can't break it with a half-bushel measure. The bet is taken, and the fiend in human shape puts the egg precisely in the corner, and if you wish to know how it is yourself you would do well to try the experiment.

☞ When you see it stated in the papers that Miss Flighty received $100 for her article in Scribbler's Monthly, or that Mr. Voluble, the delightful lecturer, makes $9,000 a season, the truth of the story will lose naught if you drop a nought from these desirable figures. In this country the people who get overpaid for mediocre things are not numerous—and they never tell about it.

☞ The war has made terrible havoc with the railway interest in France. The country which, so far as railways were concerned, was but eight months ago considered superior to England for investments and profit, is for the present nearly worthless.

☞ "Which side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple?" asks a counsel, cross-examining a witness. "On either side, sir. If you go one way its on the right side; if you go the other way its on the left."

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ap1-9t

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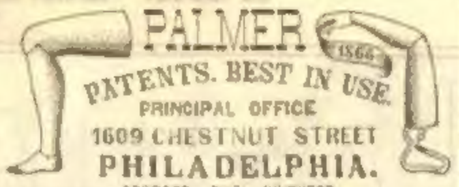

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NEW LOAN OF THE UNITED STATES.

IMPORTANT CIRCULAR.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, Feb. 28, 1871.

Public notice is hereby given, that books will be opened on the sixth day of March next, in this country and in Europe, for subscriptions to the National Loan, under the Act approved July 14, 1870, entitled "An Act to authorize the Refunding of the National Debt," and the Act in amendment thereof, approved January 20, 1871.

The proposed loan comprises three classes of Bonds, namely:

First. Bonds to the amount of five hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of five per cent per annum.

Second. Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after fifteen years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four and a half per cent. per annum.

Third. Bonds to the amount of seven hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after thirty years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Subscriptions to the loan will have preference in the following order, namely:

First. Subscriptions that may be first made for five per cent. Bonds to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars; of which there will be reserved for twenty days, one-half for subscribers in this country and one-half for subscribers in foreign countries.

Second. Subscriptions for equal amounts of each class of Bonds.

Third. Subscriptions for equal amounts of Bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and a half per cent., and of Bonds bearing interest at the rate of five per cent.

Fourth. Subscriptions for any five per cent. Bonds that may not be subscribed for in the preceding classes.

When a subscription is made, the subscriber will be required to deposit two per cent. of the amount thereof in coin or currency of the United States, or in Bonds of the class to be exchanged, to be accounted for by the Government when the new Bonds are delivered; and payment may be made either in coin or in Bonds of the United States known as FIVE-TWENTY BONDS, at their par value.

The coin received in payment will be applied to the redemption of five-twenty bonds, and the debt of the United States will not be increased by this loan.

The bonds will be registered or issued with coupons, as may be desired by subscribers. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000; and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or Designated Depositary of the Government quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The bonds of the several classes aforesaid, and the interest thereon, are exempt from the payment of all taxes or dues of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by or under state, municipal, or local authority.

After maturity, the bonds last issued will be first redeemed, by classes and numbers, as may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The bonds will be issued at the United States Treasury, but the agents for the negotiation of the loan in Europe are authorized to make arrangements with subscribers for the transmission of the bonds to the agents through whom subscriptions may be received.

Subscribers in the United States will receive the new bonds of the agents with whom the subscriptions are made.

In the United States, the National Banks are authorized to receive subscriptions, and subscriptions may also be made at the office of the Treasurer of the United States, or of any Assistant Treasurer, or the Designated Depositaries at Buffalo, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Cincinnati, Ohio, Louisville, Ky., Mobile, Ala., and Pittsburg, Pa.

The following banking houses are also authorized to act as agents in receiving subscriptions in the United States, viz:

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A. Belmont & Co.
Blake Brothers & Co.
Brown Brothers & Co.
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Creal, Stout & Thayer.
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Clark, Dodge & Co.
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Jay Cooke & Co.
Dabney, Morgan & Co.
Thomas Denny & Co.
Drexel, Winthrop & Co.
Duncan, Sherman & Co.
Fisk & Hatch.
Frank & Gans.
Gibson, Casanova & Co.
Glendinning, Davis & Amory.
Hatch & Foote.
W. T. Hatch & Son.
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H. A. Heiser & Sons.
Howes & Macy.
James G. King's Sons.
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GEORGE S. BOUTWELL,

Secretary of the Treasury.

PROGRESS OF REDUCTION OF PUBLIC DEBT OF UNITED STATES.

	Maximum War Debt, July 31, 1865.	Debt at close of Last Administration, March 1, 1869.	Present Outstanding, Feb. March 1, 1871.
Five twenty six per cent stock	$600,569,500	$1,602,537,350	$1,424,698,000
Other six per cent stocks	502,331,843	283,677,400	283,678,100
Ten forty five per cent.	172,770,100	194,567,300	194,567,300
Other five per cent stock	27,022,000	27,022,000	20,000,000
Three year 7.30 per cent notes	830,000,000		
Three year six per cent notes	218,321,470		
Total funded	2,150,764,113	2,107,854,050	1,922,943,700
Greenback notes	$473,114,709	$356,721,072	$356,100,340
Greenback certificates	205,322,040	71,140,000	55,220,000
Gold certificates		26,773,500	20,807,500
Fractional currency	25,750,022	26,231,547	40,073,743
Past due notes and bonds	17,263,120	6,422,464	3,361,112
Total Treasury circulation	721,950,796	490,140,144	494,830,585
Less gold in Treasury	93,237,856	99,741,201	103,174,209
	628,612,920	400,399,583	391,656,377
Less currency balance	81,401,715	18,851,529	20,824,000
Net Treasury circulation	605,211,205	382,548,054	369,832,781
Total principal of debt	$2,755,976,275	$2,491,099,304	$2,293,145,431
Yearly interest in gold	$104,419,020	$124,255,250	$115,194,949
Yearly interest in currency	07,412,423	2 134,2 0	1,657,140
Total amount of interest charge	151,832,051	126,389,530	116,852,089

mh18-2t

WIT AND HUMOR.

DOLLY SULLIVAN.

"Oh! a wedding ring's pretty to wear,
And a bride of all women is fair,
But then,
There's no trusting in men,
And, if I were a girl, I'd of lovers beware.
They may court you to-day,
Sweet as birds in the May,
But to-morrow, look out! they'll be all flown away!"
Old Dolly Sullivan shook her gray head—
Lovers were now the last thing she need dread.
But you never can tell
Who has once been a belle;
"Sweethearts! I've had 'em; I know 'em!" she said.
"Just as long as your company's new,
There is no one that's equal to you;
You then
Can have choice of the men;
'Tis the black eyes to-day, and to-morrow the blue.
I had once a brocade
For my marriage-gown made;
On the shelf of the store-room my wedding-cake laid;
Never that cake on the table was set.
Here I am, Dorothy Sullivan yet!
Let it go! let it go!
I am glad it was so;
Hardly earned lessons you're slow to forget."
—*Scribner's Monthly.*

A Bear Story.

A good story is told about an old hunter who used to trap about Moosehead Lake, by the name of Ellis. His reputation as a great bear hunter extended far and wide. Several years ago, when bear skins were very fashionable for sleigh robes, sportsmen about the lake in the fall would engage one of Ellis; and, as the old man was poor, would pay for it in advance. He had bargained for one in this way one year, and when the first snow came, he started off with his gun, and soon came on Bruin's track. He ran all day, not overtaking him, but camped upon his track that night, and early the next morning took up the scent and followed him all that day, with no better success than the previous day. The third day found his aged limbs quite sore; however, he made another start and ran till well nigh exhausted, when he came in sight of Bruin, who had stopped for a few moments' refreshments, but upon seeing his pursuer, started off again at full speed. The old man took aim and fired; but Bruin didn't stop. Feeling too far gone to run another step, he shouted, with all the energy of despair: "You may run, and run, but there ain't a hair on ye that belongs to ye, for I've sold your hide and got my pay for it."

Ministers' Diet.

One reason why the apostles preached so powerfully was that they had healthy food. Fish was cheap along Galilee, and this, with unbolted bread, gave them plenty of phosphorus for brain-food. These early ministers were never invited out to late suppers, with chicken salad and doughnuts. Nobody ever embroidered slippers for the *big foot* of Simon Peter, the fisherman preacher. See that your minister has a full haversack. Feed him on gruel during the week, and on Sunday he will give you gruel. What is called the "parson's nose" in a turkey or fowl is an allegory setting forth that in many communities the minister comes out behind. A frail piece of sausage trying to swim across a river of gravy on the breakfast-plate, but drowned at last; "the linked sweetness long-drawn out" of flies in the molasses cup; the gristle of a tough ox, and measly biscuit, and old peas in which the bugs lost their life before they had time to escape from the saucepan, and stale cucumbers cut up into small slices of cholera morbus, are the provender out of which we are trying at Princeton and Yale and New Brunswick to make Sons of Thunder. Sons of mush! From such depletion we step gasping into the pulpit, and look so heavenly pale that the mothers in Israel are afraid we will evaporate before we get through our first sermon.—*Talmadge.*

All Right.

A man passing up street late last evening saw some one leaning against the door of a church, and on looking more closely observed that he was in the act of taking a drink from a bottle. On seeing the man approach and probably thinking him to be a patrolman, the fellow reeled around, and taking hold of the door-handle said:

"S'oll right, sir, board here, s'r, and allus tak'e drink 'fore I go to bed."

The man called his attention to the fact that the building on which he leaned for support was a church, and suggested that he had best go home before the bottle had him in the gutter; whereupon tipsy corked his bottle and said, discouragingly:

"This the'r third time'f been mistaken, an' ef I find many more meetin'-houses that look like my boardin'-place bottle won't hold out. Glad you ain't p'leceman, s'r."

No Common Vote.

General ——, of Nebraska, a large, jolly sort of fellow, was a successful candidate for the Legislature of that State. After the election he took a trip to Omaha, to have a good time, and receive the congratulations of his friends, one of whom said to him:

"Well, General, how did you run down there?"

"O," replied the warrior, "I did just eternally scoop 'em; routed 'em, horse, foot and dragoons."

"How did the vote stand?"

"Well," replied the General, "it was none of your darned *unanimous* things; I only got one majority!"

EMBARRASSING.—At Meriden, Connecticut, the other night, a gentleman, wife and child were leaving church. The gentleman swung his overcoat over his arm, when from his pocket there dropped a pack of cards. He looked dumbfounded, smiled a ghastly smile at his wife, who passed on, stopped and hurriedly scooped up the cards and was hurrying away when some of them slipped a second time. These he picked up, when in his nervousness they slipped a third time and fell upon the steps. This was the last straw on the camel's back. He snatched at them and picking them all up but two, made tracks for home, not waiting to shake hands with anybody.

A MISAPPREHENSION.—"Shall I help you to alight? said a young gentleman, addressing a bouncing country girl, who was preparing to jump from a carriage in *front* of his office. "Thank you, sir," sweetly replied the girl, "but I don't smoke."

OLD GENT.—"Well, Charley, what sort of book is that? Interesting, eh?"
YOUTHFUL INNOCENT.—"Not a bit. It's a great Muff. I've read sixty pages, and there is only one man killed yet."

BOWEN MILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MARIE S. LADD.

The fading sun sinks slowly down,
And softly steals the twilight in,
And slowly moving o'er my brain
The evening trains of thought begin.

The dusky eve falls silently
O'er wood and water, isle and hill,
And o'er the waves from distant trees,
The shadows creep up Bowen Mill.

And Bowen Mill throws out its shade
Along the brown bank beaten bare,
Which, toiling o'er the busy street,
Defines a figure large and square.

The mill wheel struggles drippingly,
Without a place to find its poise,
And brings up to the toiling brain
Strange thoughts with all its evening noise.

Strange thoughts of how the heart beats on,
And struggles with the stream of life,
Throughout the day, yet never finds
An equipoise amid its strife.

But hurrying on the life-blood throbs
Through joy or pain its special thrill,
As restlessly as turns the wheels
Within the heart of Bowen Mill.

Yet in the fulness of the night
An hour will come when all is still,
When heavy silence reign will keep,
In the deep shades of Bowen Mill.

And, so, an hour, within the night
Will come to us with silence deep,
And still the beating of the heart,
And lay us down to rest and sleep.

Yet morning will arouse the din
That drums the air in Bowen Mill,
And echoes in the distant wood,
And haunts the shade of yonder hill.

And morning will awaken us
From our repose so deep and strange,
Unto a life we only reach,
By passing through this noise and change.

About Animals.

We all admit now that animals reason, and reason very acutely on particular phenomena of great importance to their own safety and life. Cowper's dog, Beau, who saw his master trying and failing to secure a water-lily on the Ouse, and who half an hour afterwards, as they repassed the place, dashed into the river and bit off the water-lily, and swimming back to shore laid it at his master's feet, clearly reasoned as to the object Cowper had had in view by his fruitless efforts with the stick, inferred that Cowper would be pleased if he obtained it for him, and carried this reasoning process in his memory for at least half an hour. Here analysis, reflection, inference, and the memory of the result of all these processes must clearly be ascribed to a particular dog, and the "Naturalist of Nuremburg" shows, we think, that much inferior animals possess the same powers, and that under great stress of motive they will use them to solve far more complex problems. He shows how much more knowing an often-hunted stag or fox is than a young one that has never been hunted, how a fox beset on all the exits to its hole by traps will wear away its paws in digging a new way out rather than go into the trap, but how if a rabbit gets caught in one of the traps set for it, the fox will infer that the trap has done its work, that its powers are exhausted in catching the rabbit, and will therefore walk quite calmly over the trap. He shows that an old hare or stag will, when it has distanced its pursuers, return a good way on its own steps and then give a great spring aside so as to get out of the path without leaving a scent, knowing that the dog will follow the scent up to the furthest point it has reached and then seek for new traces of its path; which, as he justly says, involves such a reasoning process as the following:—"A dog led by a man has frequently put me to flight, and has followed me a long time by scent; therefore my scent must be known to him. What has already happened several times may happen again to-day; therefore I must guard to-day against what has formerly befallen me. Though I am ignorant how they know my path and track it, yet I suppose that by means of a false scent I may be able to throw them out; for this purpose I must go and return upon my steps to deceive them as to the way I take." He shows that an old hare pursued by greyhounds which are swift enough to keep her in view, and to hunt by the eye, not smell, will take her course as much as possible through thickets to baffle their eyes; but the same hare, if pursued by harriers, which hunt by smell, will keep to the open, because the smell lies much thicker in a wood, where she touches not only the ground, but the sides of the trees. Such a hare must draw her inferences clearly as to the clue by which the dogs pursue her, and alter her measures for safety accordingly.

He shows that an old crow is even capable of *counting* higher than many savage tribes appear to count. The crows are killed in many preserving countries because they are so voracious of the eggs of the game-birds. "To lull suspicion, a carefully covered watch-house is made at the foot of the tree in which there is a nest, and a man conceals himself in it to watch the return of the parent bird; but he waits in vain, if she has ever before been shot at in the same manner. She knows that you will issue from the cover into which she saw a man enter. To deceive this suspicious bird, the plan was hit upon of sending two men to the watch-house, one of whom passed on, while the other remained. But the crow counted, and kept her distance. The next day three went, but again she perceived that only two retired. In fine, it was found necessary to send five or six men to the watch-house to put her out in her calculation. The crow, thinking this number of men had but passed by, lost no time in returning. This phenomenon, always repeated when the attempt is made, is to be recorded among the very commonest instances of the sagacity of animals."

Dogs, especially favorite dogs, have plenty of "leisure and ennui," and suffer as much from ennui, when their masters and mistresses don't take their proper walks and rides, as any West-End dandy.

Wild rabbits are the best of weather prophets, and so if you see them eating greedily in the afternoon and too intent upon their eating to be easily startled, you may be sure of a wet night—the rabbit is laying in stock so as to prevent the necessity of going out to feed at night, as he usually does, but as he does not like to do in the rain. Here, then, is a case of an animal who interprets the meteorological signs far more shrewdly than man, and acts on its interpretation.

OF GREAT CITIES.

BY ROBERT COLLYER.

It has been a great joy to me to be one of the swimmers, for twelve years now, on the mighty tide of life that surges and swells about a great city. I never lived in a city until I came to Chicago; and, living always in the country, I felt quite sure that the old saying must be true, "God made the country, man made the town." I did not doubt that the nearest and surest way into heaven was through green pastures and by still waters, and the song of the birds was a faint echo of the song of the angels. One reason for that, I suppose, was the belief I was brought up in, that our human nature is a thing to be distrusted and cried down, and all its endeavors, except those that centre at last in a meeting-house, only so many efforts of the devil to overthrow the kingdom of God.

Great cities, therefore, seemed to be mainly great centres of sin; the greater the multitude the worse the place. In the change that was wrought long ago in my mind about humanity, the germ lay, I suppose, of another change in my ideas of these aggregations of humanity into civic industry and order. I see now that the counter is to the city what the body is to the soul. God makes both and is in both; but as the spirit is more than the temple in which it dwells, so the strongest and surest importation of the divine nature must be where humanity gathers and burns in these vast volumes.

The city is always in advance of the country in all vital ideas and movements. Good cities are the citadels of the kingdom of God. But it is to be expected, of course, that were there is such a power for good there will be an answering power for evil. If I believed in a personal devil I should say that he will attend especially to those points where he can do the most mischief. Believing as I do very much as my good mother used to believe in ghosts when she would say, "My son, you will never meet a more fearful ghost than you can make out of yourself," leads me to conclude that the evil which is always sure to appear with the good, and to master it or to be mastered by it, accounts for the fact that great cities are great centres of evil as well as of good, and there the fight between the two forces must be most relentless.

☞ A few weeks ago a dentist arrived in Warrenton, Va., and advertised that he would "remove all of a person's teeth for $2, and insert a new set for $10, besides giving six months' credit." He was busy for two weeks pulling teeth, and at the end of that time half of the people of the town had empty gums. But while the people were waiting for the dentist to fit them with new sets, the abandoned scoundrel eloped with the hotel-keeper's wife; and now there are two or three thousand people in Warrenton who cannot eat anything tougher than soup and farina.

☞ "The early bird catches the worm," said an admonishing father to his indolent son. "What do I want with worms?" was the lazy reply.

Proverbs of all Nations.

A deceitful man is more hurtful than open war.

A fox should not be on the jury at a goose's trial.

Justice will not condemn even the devil wrongfully.

A nod from a lord is a breakfast for a fool.

A good word for a bad one is worth much and costs little.

An old dog cannot alter his way of barking.

An idle brain is the devil's workshop.

A penny worth of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.

Avarice increases with wealth.

A small leak will sink a great ship.

Bacchus has drowned more men than Neptune.

Expect nothing from him who promises a great deal.

Draw not thy bow before thy arrow be fixed.

Grieving for misfortunes is adding gall to wormwood.

Good bargains are pickpockets.

Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it.

Have not the cloak to make when it begins to rain.

He who would catch fish must not mind getting wet.

He is idle that might be better employed.

He who would stop every man's mouth, must have a great deal of meal.

He that makes himself an ass must not take it ill if men ride him.

He that knows not when to be silent, knows not when to speak.

He that fears you present will hate you absent.

If an ass goes a travelling, he'll not come home a horse.

If better were within, better would come out.

It is more easy to praise poverty than to bear it.

It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

It is a pity that those who taught us to talk did not also teach us when to hold our tongue.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Mule.

There seems to be little doubt that mules are more economical than horses for many farm purposes. The climate, soil, and mode of carrying on farming operations in the prairie regions of the West are all admirably suited to the working of horses. One combination of circumstances renders oxen the favorite farm team of New England; another, causes mules to be employed in the South, and still another, makes horses the most desired farm team in the Northwest. If we take into consideration beauty of form and carriage, speed and docility as well as strength, no animal employed in the service of man can compare with the horse. But for many purposes where elegance and speed are of little consequence, the horse is not an economical animal to use. The cost of keeping him is greater than is the case with the mule; his liability to disease is very much greater, and his years of available labor are less. The expense of shoeing mules is much less than that of shoeing horses, on account of the smallness of their feet, the hardness of the hoof and its freedom from disease.

Every farmer, in moderate or straightened circumstances, is willing to forego something in the matter of pleasure if thereby his gains are greater. If an animal can be raised to the age of usefulness, for less expense, can be kept after that time on cheaper food, if his sickness and shoeing cost the owner less money, and his working years are greater, a farmer can well afford to accept some drawbacks in the matter of appearance or ease of management. But there are many purposes for which the mule is almost universally regarded as the superior of the horse. One such employment is ploughing among corn, potatoes and other cultivated crops. For this purpose the mule has many advantages. His feet are small and his disposition is to put them down very nearly in a line. This being the case he seldom injures ridges, hills or crops by treading on it. The ploughing of cultivated crops must be attended to during the severest heat of summer. Horses are rendered more impatient by insects, and are less able to endure the extreme heat of the weather than are mules; their skin is also easier chafed and they are much more liable to be laid up at this most important period of the year by various diseases that are then prevalent.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Farmers' Families.

Much has been said and written on this subject; poets have loved it, and almost every artist has his cozy little farm-house, nestled among the trees, covered with climbing-roses and surrounded by all the "necessary out-buildings." Many a time have we forgotten while gazing at such a picture, or reading one of these pastoral effusions, that we were born in the country, that we lived in a farm-house and followed its tiresome monotony from morning till night, varying from laundry to dairy, feeding the poultry, rising before the lark was astir to milk the "patient kine," "shod like a mountaineer," and so on with but little variation, save on those days in which there was house-cleaning or some other "extra job" to be done.

Then when evening came and we sat down thoroughly wearied, what an unutterable longing came over us for something more, if, (and the tantalizing picture would present itself,) there was only a paper to be picked up after this was over, or some interesting or instructive volume—we were weary, very weary, the very sight of the pile of patching made both fingers and eyes ache—we were disinclined to touch it.

And just here is one of the great wants of our modern farm-houses—there will be found if the case be investigated, that in by far the largest proportion of them there is but the one weekly paper, and in very many none at all. In these houses the library may be easily counted. And here men and women in embryo spend those years that will so much influence their future lives. Let this be remedied. Let the fathers supply their children with those grand educators, the public press. Gather around their fireside the classic author and mingle with them the best poets and some well-assorted novels, and thus inaugurate a new era in our farm-houses which will make home more attractive to the sons than the "corner grocery," and the wives and daughters will have something to amuse and *rest* them after the cares of the day.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Pruning the Blackberry.

Persons having cultivated the blackberry, are possessed of sufficient knowledge to understand the fact that the longer they allow the canes to remain unpruned, the lateral branches are proportionably shorter, and the fruit smaller. To obtain the largest size berries and the largest quantity too, cut back the leading canes to not exceed four feet in length, and shorten-in also the lateral branches. This will be found to increase also the breadth of the stool, affording more bearing room, and generally to result in greatly improving the crop. It is not too late yet to shorten-in, where it has been much neglected, as we often see it in some gardens.

In July, the *young wood*, which by that time has grown over the tops of the old, bearing canes, should be clipped, especially the lateral branches. It will have the best effect upon the following year's crop.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 51 letters.
My 47, 17, 1, 5, 23, was an ancient naturalist.
My 6, 7, 12, 20, 23, 36, was a Venetian painter.
My 44, 4, 19, 23, 10, 37, 28, was an eminent philanthropist.
My 46, 51, 49, 39, 38, is a prominent Frenchman of to-day.
My 15, 7, 36, 21, 1, was a Florentine painter.
My 18, 33, 42, 32, was a Swiss patriot.
My 21, 50, 21, 4, 29, 8, was an ancient orator.
My 29, 1, 37, 37, 17, 4, was a commodore in the U. S. Navy in 1812.
My 27, 16, 22, 1, 36, 13, 45, 8, 37, was an English outlaw.
My 40, 41, 17, 43, 51, 20, 27, 33, was a French author.
My 47, 32, 35, 28, 11, 44, 50, 27, was a celebrated professor of Edinburgh.
My 29, 30, 27, 45, 9, was an English poet.
My 8, 19, 5, 37, 4, 27, 32, 28, 3, was an American painter.
My 31, 42, 14, 34, 48, 2, 37, 20, 39, was a noted general of antiquity.
My 19, 30, 39, is a town of Scotland.
My 24, 6, 25, 23, 17, is a word meaning all.
My whole is an invention of the present century. C. H. CRAMER.
Tiffin, Ohio.

Riddle.

My first is in bestowed, but not in conferred.
My second is in religion, but not in "the Word."
My third is in labor, but not in do.
My fourth is in holy, but not in true.
My fifth is in enter, but not in in.
And my whole's pure teachings will keep from sin.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Double Acrostic.

A city fair, laid low by conquering sword;
Pray heaven that this may quickly be restored.
1. Splendor, parade, grandeur, display, or show.
2. By Byron called the thunderbolt of snow.
3. Insignia of royalty I name.
4. Two rests, a short and long, the metre frame.
5. To worship here the ancient Druids came.
CRACK.

Algebraical Problem.

The arithmetical mean of two numbers exceeds the geometrical mean by 13, and the geometrical mean exceeds the harmonical mean by 12. What are the numbers?
W. H. COLEMAN.

Conundrums.

☞ What confection did they have in the Ark? Ans.—Preserved pairs (pears.)

☞ Why is an orange like a church steeple? Ans.—Because we have a peel from it.

☞ What's the proper age for a parson? Ans.—The parsonage, of course.

☞ Why is a jeweller like a screeching florid singer? Ans.—Because he pierces the ears for the sake of ornament.

☞ What sort of music should a girl sing whose voice is cracked and broken? Ans.—Pieces.

☞ How do we know a rat is too clever an animal? Ans.—Because he gnaws a deal too much.

☞ What is better than an indifferent singer in a drawing-room after dinner? Ans.—A different one.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another, as I have loved you." CHARADE.—Mabel. (May, Bell.) CHARADE.—Workmanship.

RECEIPTS.

MANAGEMENT OF BROOMS.—If brooms are wet in boiling suds once a week, they will become very tough, will not cut a carpet, last much longer, and always sweep like a new broom. A handful or so of salt sprinkled on the carpet will carry the dust along with it and make the carpet look bright and clean. A dusty carpet may be cleaned by setting a pail of cold water out by the door, wet the broom in it, knock it to get off all the drops, sweep a yard or so, then wash the broom as before and sweep again, being careful to shake all the drops off the broom, and not sweep far at a time. If done with care it will clean a carpet very nicely, and you will be surprised at the quantity of dirt in the water. The water may need changing once or twice if the carpet is very dirty. Snow sprinkled over a carpet, and swept off before it has had time to melt and dissolve, is useful for renovating a soiled carpet. Moistened Indian meal is used with good effect by housekeepers. What is said in the following is true:—In many town and city houses the apartments receive but one thorough sweeping a week. Brooms wear out carpets quite as much as feet do.

FELONS.—The following simple receipt for the cure of felons we clip from a far-off exchange:—"Many persons suffer extremely from felons on the finger. These afflictions are not only very painful, but not unfrequently occasion permanent crippling of the members affected. The following simple prescription is recommended as a cure for this distressing ailment: Take common rock salt, such as is used in salting down beef or pork, and mix with spirits of turpentine in equal parts, and as it gets dry put on more, and in twenty-four hours you are cured. The felon will be dead; it will do you no harm to try it."

Another authority says that onion poultices will cure a felon.